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YOUNG GREEKS AT A MOSQUE.

FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN LEON GÉROME.

NEW-YORK CHARITY INSTITUTIONS.

(Continued.)

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND.—On the 12th of June, 1823, at a meeting of the managers of the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, upon the motion of Isaac Collins, a committee was appointed to prepare a detailed plan for a House of Refuge. Professor Grisoom presided at this meeting, and was added to the committee and made its chairman.

The admirable report of this committee embodied the whole idea of the House of Refuge, and formed the foundation upon which the institution has rested for nearly half a century. The report took the ground that "the children of neglectful, intemperate, vicious parents, and those who are trained in sin, should be saved from prison, even though they may have been guilty of crime." The report introduces statistics of the criminal juvenile population of New York, gathered from official records,

and then goes on to say that, "from the exposition thus given of all the subjects referred to their consideration, the committee cannot but indulge the belief that the inference which will be drawn by every citizen of New York, from the facts now laid before them, will be in perfect accordance with their own—that it is highly expedient that a HOUSE OF REFUGE FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENTS should, as soon as practicable, be established in the immediate vicinity of this city."

Of the character of the House the report says: "The design of the proposed institution is to furnish, in the first place, an asylum, in which boys under a certain age, who become subject to the notice of our police, either as vagrants, or houseless, or charged with petty crimes, may be received, judiciously classed according to their degrees of depravity or innocence, put to work at such employments as will tend to encourage industry and ingenuity, taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and most carefully instructed in the nature of their moral and religious obligations, while, at the same time, they are subjected to a course of treatment that will afford a prompt and energetic corrective of their vicious propensities, and hold out every inducement to reformation and good

conduct. Such an institution would, in time, exhibit scarcely any other than the character of a decent school and manufactory. It need not be invested with the insignia of a prison; it should be surrounded only with a high fence, like many factories in the neighborhood of cities, and carefully closed in front."

The society was incorporated March 29, 1824, under the name of "The Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents of the City of New-York."

The society began operations on the 1st of January, 1825, in the old soldiers' barracks, occupied during the War of 1812-1815. The site of the barracks was about one mile from the outskirts of the city, and two miles from the City Hall. It is now the heart of the city, forming the charming park known as Madison Square. It was then considered out of town.

A lady of the city recollects, when young, being invited to visit the institution; the day was devoted to the object, and she was so fatigued by the jaunt that she was sick for a week as the consequence.

The institution occupied the Arsenal grounds about fifteen years, during which time twenty-five hundred children were received and sent back again into society.

In October, 1839, it was removed to the foot of Twenty-third Street, East River side. Here it remained until it was removed to Randall's Island.

The corner-stone of the buildings now occupied by the institution was laid on the 24th of November, 1832, in the presence of the officers of the society, the mayor and corporation of the city, and a large number of guests.

The House of Refuge is located on the easterly bank of the Harlem River, on Randall's Island, directly opposite that portion of the city of New York which is included between One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred and Twentieth

Streets. The buildings are of brick, erected in the Italian style. The two principal structures front the river, and form a façade nearly a thousand feet in length. The larger of the two buildings is for the boys, the other for the girls. There are other buildings in the rear



Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, Randall's Island.



New-York Juvenile Asylum.

of these and all are enclosed by a stone wall twenty feet high. A division wall, of like height, separates the grounds of the boys' department from that of the girls', and in each department walls separate the two divisions.

The boys' house is nearly six hundred feet long. The dome-surmounted portions are devoted to the use of the officers; the central portion also contains the chapel, while the extreme portions contain the hospitals and lavatories. There are six hundred and thirty-six dormitories, five feet by seven, and seven feet high, in the portion between the centre and end buildings. In the rear is the school and dining-hall building, seventy feet by one hundred and thirty-eight. A central wall divides the building in each story into two equal parts, one for each division. The lower story is used for dining-rooms, the upper for school-rooms. In the rear of the school building are the kitchen and bakery, covering a space twenty-five by ninety feet. The workshops are at the northerly and southerly extremities of the yard, and are each thirty by one hundred and fifty feet, three stories high.

The girls' house is two hundred and fifty feet long. The central portion contains the apartments of the matron, assistants, and female teachers, while the wings contain two hundred and fifty dormitories for inmates. In the rear, connected by two corridors, is a building for school-rooms and dining-halls—the hospitals, sewing-rooms, and lavatories, being at each end, with the laundry in the rear.

The whole establishment is supplied with Croton water, brought across the Harlem River in a lead pipe.

A bill, amendatory of the act of incorporation of the society, has been prepared, which will be urged upon the consideration of the Legislature, conferring the required powers upon the managers to establish a school ship. "They propose that a ship be placed under their management, to which they will transfer such boys as evince a natural aptitude for a seafaring life, after they shall have undergone the reformatory discipline of the House, learned the elements of education, and earned this transfer as a promotion for good conduct. In this way a large number of boys could be prepared for sea on board of one ship at a small cost per capita."

The whole number of children received into the House of Refuge from its opening, in 1825, to January 1, 1869, was twelve thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, and the number remaining in the House at the latter date was nine hundred and sixty-one.

THE NEW-YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM, *One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street, near Tenth Avenue—Office and House of Reception, No. 71 West Thirteenth Street.*—The existence of this admirable charity is largely due to the efforts of Robert M. Hartley, Esq., who has been, from its organization, the Corresponding Secretary and General Agent of the Poor Association of New York.

The bill incorporating the asylum was passed June 30, 1851. The object of the corporation, as defined by its charter, is:

"To receive and take charge of such children, between the ages of seven and fourteen, as may be voluntarily intrusted to them by their parents or guardians, or committed to their charge by competent authority, and provide for their support, and to afford them the means of moral, intellectual, and industrial education."

By an amendatory act, passed in 1866, the powers of the association were extended to receive: "1. Children under seven years of age, at the discretion of the directors. 2. Children under fourteen years of age, of sufficient bodily health and mental capacity, to attend the public schools, who shall be found idle, truant, and without occupation, wandering in the streets or lanes of the city, and who may be committed by a magistrate for discipline. 3. Children between the ages of seven and fourteen, deserting their homes

without sufficient cause, and keeping company with dissolute and vicious persons, against the lawful commands of their parents." The special object in view, in all cases, is the discipline and reformation of the child.

Children having no friends to care for them, and those whose friends choose to give them up wholly to the care of the asylum, are provided with homes in the country. Many are sent to Illinois, and indentured till of age—the girls till eighteen, the boys till twenty-one.

Employers are bound to provide every thing necessary to the children's well-being; to cause them to be instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as far as and including compound interest; to watch over and guard their morals; and, at the end of their indenture, to give them a suit of new clothes, besides those in wear, and pay the girls fifty dollars, and the boys from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars.

Many children, whose friends desire to place

them here, and are able to pay for their support, are received as boarders without expense to the city.

Children committed merely for destitution, and for the purpose of being provided with homes in the country, are retained a short time



New-York Orphan Asylum, Bloomingdale Road.



Society for Destitute of Roman Catholic Children (for Boys).

for a brief course of instruction and discipline calculated to fit them for the relation of apprentices, while those committed on account of habits that require correcting are kept longer—until they are believed to be reformed, and can be returned to their friends, or be apprenticed with reasonable expectation that they will do well. This institution is strictly educational and reformatory in its character, and receives a class of children requiring, in some respects, a different course of treatment from those usually sent to the House of Refuge.

The institution has an agency in Illinois, and its Western work is confined exclusively to that State. Two men, residing there with their families, are constantly employed in finding homes for children, and in visiting those who have been settled. The directors of the asylum are the legal guardians of these children, and are required by their charter to see that the terms of indenture are faithfully fulfilled.

The average time children are kept in the asylum is six months.

The asylum is located near High Bridge, where it has twenty acres of land beautifully situated, and buildings for the accommodation of five hundred children. Its House of Reception, in Thirteenth Street, has rooms for the temporary accommodation of one hundred and fifty children. Pupils remain here about five weeks before being transferred to the asylum, and are in both houses kept regularly in school six hours daily.

Efforts are now being made to increase the capacity of the institution by the erection of additional buildings at High Bridge, for the accommodation of two hundred girls and small children. The Legislature has appropriated fifty thousand dollars for the purpose, on condition that an equal amount be contributed by private individuals.

The whole number received into the institution, from 1853 to 1868 inclusive, was 13,796; of these 11,419 were boys, and 2,377 were girls. Of the whole number 6,383 were committed by a magistrate; 4,394 by a magistrate at the request of parents or friends; 469 by a magistrate at their own request; 2,422 were surrendered by parents or guardians; 77 surrendered themselves to the committee, and 52 were received from other institutions. Their ages, when committed, were: 8 years and under 2,099; 9 years, 1,357; 10 years, 1,902; 11 years, 1,877; 12 years, 2,150; 13 years, 2,051; 14 years, 2,360. They were classified as: unfortunate, 3,191; pilfering, 2,320; vagrant, 2,672; bad, 1,381;

beggars, 424; disobedient and truant, 3,798; temporary as witnesses, 10. Nearly half of the whole number could not read. The parents of 5,959 were both living; of 2,127 the father was living; of 3,847 the mother was living; 1,656 were orphans, and 207 were tabbed "unknown."

Both parents of 9,148 were temperate; one or both parents of 4,022 were intemperate; unknown, 631. Native born, 10,184; foreign, 3,374; unknown, 238.

Of the whole number, 4,599 were discharged by magistrates; 4,387 by the committee; 371 were transferred; 3,082 were indentured; 705 escaped; 57 died. In the institution on December 31, 1868, 595.

THE NEW-YORK ORPHAN ASYLUM, *Bloomingdale Road, near West Seventy-third Street.*—"The Orphan Asylum Society in the City of New York" is the oldest society of the kind, and one of the best endowed in the country. It was organized in 1806. Providing a shelter for its beneficiaries was the first

object that engaged its attention. As a temporary asylum a hired house in Greenwich village was occupied.

In 1807 the society decided to purchase four lots in Greenwich, and erect a building adapted to the requirements of the institution. On the 7th July the corner-stone of the building was laid. It was constructed of brick, fifty feet square, and designed to accommodate two hundred children. Before the end of the year it was completed.

As early as 1834 the neighborhood of the asylum had become so densely built up that it was decided to remove to a locality where the children could enjoy a more wholesome atmosphere, and have room for exercise.

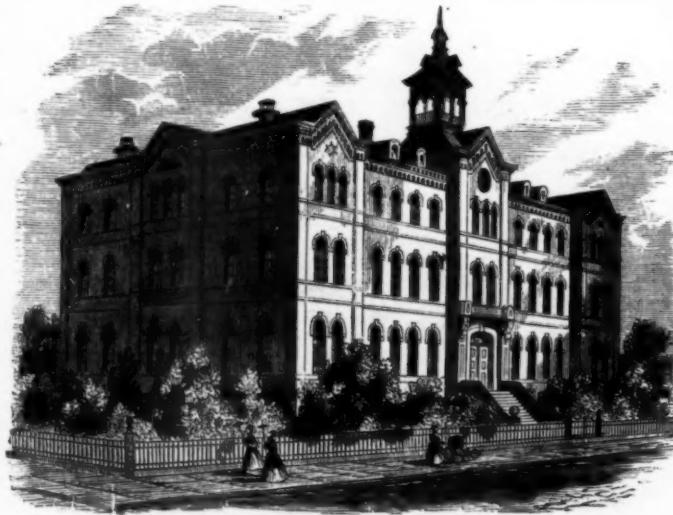
After mature deliberation the present site of the institution was purchased. It consisted of nine and a half acres, and cost seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. The Greenwich property was sold for thirty-eight thousand dollars, with permission to remain one year. Unforeseen events delaying the erection of the new building, the children, at the expiration of the specified year, were removed to a temporary abode in the neighborhood of the recent purchase.

This brings the history of the asylum to the thirtieth year of its

existence. The number of children admitted up to that date was 931. Of these, 407 boys and 270 girls had been indentured. Some few had been adopted into families of the first respectability, and several had entered the learned professions. The cost per annum for each child had not been quite forty-two dollars; for this sum it was clothed, fed,



Society for Roman Catholic Children (for Girls).



Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Society.

and instructed, and fitted for a life of usefulness. On the 6th of June, 1886, the corner-stone of the new building was laid. Within a year the orphans were in their new home. The building cost over forty-five thousand dollars, every dollar of which was contributed by private individuals. In 1855 two spacious wings were added at a cost of forty thousand dollars. The buildings accommodated two hundred and fifty children.

The location of the asylum is one of the most beautiful on the Hudson, and is easily accessible from the city, being only about five miles from the City Hall. The grounds are laid out in lawns, gardens, and fields, affording ample room for recreation, besides yielding an abundance of fruit and vegetables. They also furnish pasturage for a sufficient number of cows to supply the institution with milk.

The affairs of the society are managed by a board of (lady) trustees, aided by an advisory committee of three gentlemen.

Orphans are admitted into the asylum until they have reached the age of ten years. On admission their lawful guardians must relinquish all future control over them. No child is allowed to leave the asylum until after having been at least one year under the care of the society, nor until able to read, write, cipher, etc. Boys are indentured to serve until twenty-one; girls until eighteen.

The number of children in the asylum at the present time is about two hundred.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF DESTITUTE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN.—This institution is the Roman Catholic counterpart to the New-York Juvenile Asylum. The objects and the manner of conducting the two establishments are essentially the same. The only material difference between the two charities is, that the one is Protestant and the other Roman Catholic in its religious teachings, and that the latter indentures fewer of its children.

The Protectory was organized in May, 1863, when a board of twenty-six managers was appointed, of whom L. Silliman Ives was the first president, and to whom, more than to any other one man, the institution owes its existence.

The society began their work in a rented house on East Thirty-sixth Street, that accommodated about one hundred and fifty boys, and a house on East Eighty-sixth Street, that accommodated about the same number of girls. After the first year the boys were removed to Eighty-sixth Street, near Fifth Avenue, where three houses were rented, having room for about three hundred and fifty inmates.

In 1865, the managers purchased a farm of one hundred and fourteen acres, with commodious barns and out-houses, near the village of Westchester, for the sum of forty thousand dollars, where they immediately began to erect spacious brick buildings for the reception of their beneficiaries.

At present the old home-stead building is occupied by the girls, and the boys are in a new structure, that has been erected at a cost of seventy thousand dollars, and some frame buildings that have cost sixteen thousand dollars. There is a large building now in process of construction for girls, that, when finished, will cost about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and accommodate six hundred inmates. The main building for the boys has also been begun, and, when the entire structure is complete, it will accommodate about fifteen hundred inmates,

and will have cost nearly or quite two hundred thousand dollars. The foundation was paid for with the proceeds of the boys' labor on the farm and in the shops.

Unlike the Juvenile Asylum, the Protectory prefers retaining its beneficiaries in the institution to indenturing them. In their report for 1865, the managers say: "The information received from and concerning indentured children tends to confirm the previous conviction of the manager, that the system of apprenticeship generally in operation is, for two substantial reasons, a great evil. First: The children are not prepared, by previous discipline and education, to insure contentment, obedience, and fidelity. The result is that, certainly in three

cases out of four, they become perfectly worthless. Second: The conviction has been forced on the managers that even a greater evil arises from the avarice or money-getting spirit of the persons to whom the children are apprenticed; that those persons, except in extraordinary cases, neglect to instruct the children in the faith of their baptism, or in proper secular knowledge; that they overwork them, while they are scantily fed and clothed, producing discontent and causing them to abscond."

Under this conviction the managers have purchased a large farm, and made provision for various trades, with a view to the permanent training of their children in such industrial occupation as may suit their respective aptitudes

and capacities; insuring, however, to each child a competent knowledge of agricultural pursuits.

There are nine hundred and fifty-five children at present in the Protectory, seven hundred and fifty of whom are boys, and two hundred and five girls.



Association for Colored Orphans.



Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum.

THE HEBREW BENEVOLENT AND ORPHAN ASYLUM SOCIETY, *East Seventy-seventh Street, near Third Avenue.*—This institution is the most extensive of American Jewish charities, and the asylum building is one of the handsomest edifices of the kind in the city. Its cornerstone was laid September 30, 1862, and on November 5, 1863, the house was formally dedicated.

In 1864, the asylum was recognized as a State institution, and as such receives its pro rata share of the State appropriations.

The objects of the society are to relieve the sick, succor the widow, clothe, educate, and maintain the orphan. Any Hebrew orphan or half-orphan child between the ages of five and eleven years, and who is left without any means of support, may be admitted into the asylum.

All of the proper age are sent to Public School number Fifty-three, on Seventy-ninth Street.

None of the inmates have, thus far, contributed in any way toward the support of the house. Their number is at present: boys, one hundred and thirteen; girls, forty-five; total, one hundred and fifty-eight.

A ladies' sewing-society is connected with the asylum, which furnishes nearly all the garments—their own handiwork—required for the children, and confer many benefits besides.

THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM, *One Hundred and Forty-third Street, near North River.*—Thirty-five years ago the colored people of New York were an oppressed and degraded class, herded together in the lowest localities, and, suffering under the brand of an enslaved race, were excluded from most public institutions, and overlooked in nearly every philanthropic enterprise.

Aroused by the constant calls of the needy, and believing that justice and humanity demanded the effort, two ladies, Miss Anna H. Shotwell and Miss Mary Murray, determined to take the initiatory step, and establish, if possible, a home for colored orphan children.

In 1836, a sufficient sum had been subscribed, and the plans of the friends of the enterprise had been sufficiently matured to warrant the formation of a board of managers. Twenty-two ladies were elected to serve for one year, also five gentlemen to act as an advisory committee; a constitution was adopted, and the society was organized under the title of the "Association for the Benefit of Colored Orphans."

Efforts were now made to rent a suitable building, but, at a time when tenements were abundant, this was impossible; owners refused to let their property for the purpose it was desired. The managers therefore purchased a small frame cottage on Twelfth Street, suitable in size and location, for the sum of \$9,000, two-thirds of which were secured by bond and mortgage.

In spite of every obstacle, the managers persevered in their efforts to compass their design, and before the close of 1837 their humble dwelling was opened for the reception of inmates. The cottage was furnished with the discarded property of friends, and for a time the table was also supplied by their bounty. So rigidly did they practise economy that, for the first seven months, with a family of twenty-two children, their current expenses amounted to only \$234.05.

In 1838, the society was incorporated by the Legislature.

For several years the pecuniary embarrassments of the managers were great; they were always at their wits' end to know what to do, which way to turn, rarely being able to see their way clear a week ahead.

In 1842, after frequent applications to the Common Council, a grant was obtained of twenty-two lots on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets, on which a suitable house was erected. The society occupied these premises until the building was burned down by the rioters in 1863. Having effected an entrance, which was not difficult, the wretches heaped together the lightest furniture, and, saturating the floors with an inflammable liquid, they applied their matches, and in twenty minutes this asylum of two hundred and twenty small children was a ruin.

Meanwhile the family had been collected by the superintendent, who had been warned of the approaching danger. The long line of trembling, terrified children filed quietly down-stairs out into the very body of the mob that literally filled the enclosure. At sight of them the insane, lawless mass swayed back as though impelled by an unseen power. Not a hand was raised to molest them, and, without sustaining the slightest injury, children and guardians reached the station-house in Thirty-sixth Street, where, for three days, they were crowded together in the halls and cells of the building, with the bleeding, dying ruffians who had been arrested by the police.

Sheltered, but not secure, in momentary danger of being attacked by the mob without, wearied and hungry, these poor children but once gave way to their fears. Thinking an entrance had been effected, they, as with one voice, raised a cry of terror so piteous that the captain of the station shed tears of sympathy. A temporary home was offered them in the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island, whither they were conveyed, guarded by a large police force and a detachment of Zouaves. Here they were sheltered until accommodations were provided for them on One Hundred and Fifty-first Street, near North River, where they remained until last year. The lots on Fifth Avenue were disposed of, and ground was purchased on One Hundred and Forty-third Street, where the society has erected buildings, which, it is hoped, will be a permanent asylum.

The present number of inmates is between two hundred and fifty and three hundred. The institution is designed mainly for orphans, but half-orphans are received, the parent paying the nominal sum of seventy-five cents per week. The children are maintained and educated until they are twelve years of age, when they are bound to farmers of known respectability.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.—This institution was organized and incorporated in April, 1817, under the title of the "Roman Catholic Benevolent Society," the Right Rev. Bishop Connolly being the first president. The location was the site of the present asylum in Prince Street, and the children were under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

In 1852, the Orphan and Half-orphan Asylums were consolidated under the name of the "Roman Catholic Asylum of the City of New York," the corporate powers to be held by a board of managers numbering twenty-five. The Prince-Street Asylum is used exclusively for girls, and the asylum on Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, for boys.

The building occupied at present by the girls was erected in 1825, and superseded the wooden shanties previously used for the asylum. At the time it was built it was regarded as one of the finest edifices of the kind in the city. It has four stories above the basement, and occupies nearly half a block. An extensive addition has been made on the Mott-Street side, and with this enlargement the buildings accommodate comfortably about two hundred and fifty orphans.

There are three school-rooms in the buildings—one for the infant, one for the intermediate, and one for the more advanced classes. The three schools are under the charge of ten sisters. The children spend six hours a day in school and have four hours for recreation. The remainder of the day is spent either in household work or in the sewing-room. In this way the girls are fitted for future usefulness, if not for attaining independence. When the children have finished in the asylum, they are bound out or returned to their friends; or, if their conduct has been good and they are more than ordinarily intelligent, they are promoted to the School of Industry in Forty-second Street, where they remain under instruction for three years at the expense of the asylum.

The building occupied by the boys is a noble brick structure, occupying, with the grounds, about two-fifths of the block. It was completed and occupied in November, 1851. The edifice consists of a main building and two wings, the main building being sixty by thirty feet, with enclosed balconies back and front, fifteen feet wide on each story. The wings are transverse buildings of the same dimensions. The north wing has an extension eastward, being a building fifty by twenty-five feet, three stories high. All the ceilings are lofty, and the rooms well ventilated and warmed.

The grounds in front of the building are handsomely laid out and enclosed by a substantial iron fence.

A new asylum for girls is erecting on the block bounded by Madison Avenue, Fourth Avenue, Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. The main building is on Madison Avenue. When completed, this new asylum will accommodate about one thousand children.

The institution is and always has been supported by church collections and by the donations and bequests of its friends.

In both asylums half-orphans are received to the extent of a fixed proportion of the total number of inmates. The surviving parent is expected to pay a stated sum monthly for his or her child.

There are now in the boys' asylum about five hundred orphans; in the girls' about three hundred and seventy-five, two hundred of whom are in the wing of the new building on Madison Avenue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROFESSOR WITTEMBACH'S STORY;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF LOKIS.

I.

"THEODORE," said Professor Wittembach, "give me that parchment-bound manuscript on the second shelf above the secretary, the small octavo. I have collected there the notes of my journal of 1866, those at least which refer to Count Szemioth."

The professor put on his spectacles, and, amid the deepest silence, read as follows:

"LOKIS,"

with this Lithuanian proverb for epigraph:

"Miszka su Lokiu *
Abu du tokiu."

When the first translation of the Holy Scriptures appeared in the Lithuanian tongue, I published an article in the *Literary and Scientific Gazette* of Königsberg, in which, while rendering full justice to the efforts of the learned interpreter, and to the pious intentions of the Bible Society, I thought proper to notice some little errors; and, moreover, I remarked that this version could only be useful to a part of the Lithuanian peoples, the dialect in which it is written being hardly intelligible to the inhabitants of the palatinate of Samogitia, who speak the Jomaitic language, vulgarly called *Jmoude*, and which is still closer to the Sanscrit than the high Lithuanian is. This observation, notwithstanding the furious censures which it brought upon my head from a certain well-known professor of Dorpat University, enlightened the honorable members of the council of administration of the Bible Society, which did not hesitate to intrust me with directing the translation of the Gospel according to St. Matthew into Samogitian. I was then too much occupied with my studies on the trans-Uralian languages to undertake all the four Gospels; but, deferring my marriage with Miss Gertrude Weber, I repaired to Kowno, with the view of collecting all the linguistic monuments, printed or manuscript, in the *Jmoude* tongue, that could be procured, without neglecting its popular poems (*dainos*) or legends (*pasakos*), which would furnish me documents for a Jomaitic vocabulary, a work which must precede that of translation.

A letter had been given me for the young Count Michel Szemioth, whose father, as I was assured, had possessed the famous "Catechismus Samogiticus" of Father Lawicki, so rare that its very existence has been contested, especially by the Dorpat professor to whom I have alluded. I was referred to the Szemioth library for an old collection of *dainos*, as well as poetry, in the ancient Prussian tongue. Having written to the count to set forth the aim of my visit, I received his invitation, in the most amiable terms, to come and spend, in his Castle of Medintilas, all the time my researches might occupy. His letter ended with the assurance that he took a pride in speaking the *Jmoude* almost as well as his peasants, and should be happy to aid me in an enterprise which he qualified as *great* and interesting. Like some other of the richest proprietors of Lithuania, he professed the evangelical religion, of which I have the honor to be a minister. I had been forewarned that the count was not exempt from certain eccentricities of character, but was very hospitable, a friend of the sciences and of letters, and cordial toward those who cultivated them. I set out, then, for Medintilas. At the castle-steps, I was received by the count's steward, who at once showed me to the apartment prepared for me. "The count," said he, "is suffering to-day with a headache, to which he is subject, and regrets not being able to meet you at dinner, sir. If the Herr Professor does not prefer to be served in his own room, he may dine with Dr. Froeber, the countess's physician. Dinner will be ready in an hour. Here is the bell, if the Herr Professor wants any thing." He withdrew, making me a low bow.

The apartment was large, well furnished, adorned with glasses and gilding. It looked out on a garden, or rather on the castle-park, on one side, and on the grand court-yard of state upon the other. While I was unpacking my little baggage to get out my black coat, the sound of carriage-wheels drew me to the window which overlooked the court. A handsome calash had just entered. It contained a lady in black, a gentleman, and a woman in the Lithuanian peasant-cos-

tume, but so large and strong-built that I was at first inclined to take her for a man in disguise. She got out first; two other women, no less robust apparently, were already on the steps. The gentleman leaned toward the lady in black, and, to my great surprise, unbuckled a broad leathern belt, which fixed her to her place in the calash. I remarked that this lady had long, white hair, quite disordered, and that her eyes, wide open, seemed inanimate. She reminded me, indeed, of a wax figure. Having unbound her, her companion addressed her with great respect apparently, but she seemed not to notice it in any way. Then he turned toward the servants, making a sign with his head, at which the three women seized the lady in black, and, in spite of her efforts to hold on to the calash, they carried her off like a feather, and came inside the castle. Several servants were looking on, and seemed to regard it all as a matter of course. He who had directed all, now drew his watch out, and asked if dinner was nearly ready. "In a quarter of an hour, doctor," they replied. I concluded that this was Dr. Froeber, and the lady in black the countess. From her age, I inferred that she was Count Szemioth's mother, and the precautions I had witnessed could only be explained by mental alienation.

A few moments afterward, the doctor himself entered my chamber. "As the count is unwell," said he to me, "I am obliged to introduce myself to you, professor. Doctor Froeber, at your service. I am delighted to make the acquaintance of a scholar whose merit is known to all who read the *Königsberg Literary and Scientific Gazette*. Would you like to have dinner served, sir?"

I responded to his politeness, and we presently entered the dining-room.

Here the head-servant presented to us, according to the Northern custom, a silver waiter, with liqueurs and slices of salt and spiced meats, prepared to excite the appetite.

"Permit me, professor," said the doctor, "to recommend you a glass of this *starka*, true cognac brandy, forty years in cask. It is the mother of liquors. Take a Drontheim anchovy, nothing is fitter to propitiate that noble organ the stomach. And now to table. Why should we not speak German? You are from Königsberg, I from Memel; but I studied at Jena. So we shall feel more free, and the servants, who only know Polish and Russian, will not understand us."

We ate at first in silence; then, after a glass of Madeira, I asked the doctor if the count was often troubled with the indisposition which to-day deprived us of his company.

"Yes and no," replied the doctor; "that depends on his excursions."

"How so?"

"When he takes the Rosenie road, for instance, he comes back with a headache and savage humor."

"I have been to Rosenie myself without such accidents."

"That depended, professor," he replied, laughing, "on your not being in love."

I sighed, in thinking of Miss Gertrude Weber. "It is, then, at Rosenie," said I, "that the count's betrothed lives?"

"Yes, in the neighborhood. Betrothed! About that I cannot speak. She is a reckless flirt, and will drive him as crazy as his mother is."

"Indeed! I have observed that there is something wrong with the countess."

"She is mad, my dear sir—mad, and I am most insane myself to have come here."

"Let us hope, rather, that your cares will restore her to health."

The doctor shook his head, while scrutinizing the color of a glass of Bordeaux which he held. "Such as you see me, professor, I was surgeon-major to the Kalouga Regiment. At Sevastopol, we were, from morning to evening, cutting off arms and legs; not to mention the bomb-shells that fell among us, like files on a sore-backed horse; well, now, ill-lodged and ill-fed as I was then—I did not worry as I do here, where I eat and drink of the best, where I have a princely apartment, and am paid like a court-physician. But liberty, my dear sir! Consider that, with this she-devil, one has not a moment quite one's own!"

"Is it long since she was confided to your care?"

"Less than two years; but she has been insane at least twenty-seven years, since before the count's birth. They have not told you about it at Rosenie or at Kowno? Listen, then; it is a case on which I shall some day write an article for the *Medical Journal* of St. Petersburg. She lost her reason by a fright."

* Michel with Lokis, are of the same significance.

"By fright! Is it possible?"

"By a fright that she had. She is of the Keystut family. Oh, in that house, there are no misalliances! We descend from Gedymin, we do. Then, professor, a short time after her wedding, which took place in this castle, where we are dining (to your health), the count, the father of this one, goes a-hunting. Our Lithuanian dames are Amazons, as you know. The countess also follows the chase. She was either in advance of the hunters or behind them, I know not which. Good; all of a sudden comes up, at full speed, the countess's little Cossack, a child twelve or fourteen years old. 'Master,' says he, 'a bear is carrying off mistress!' 'Whereabouts?' asked the count. 'This way,' said the little Cossack. All the hunters hasten to the place that he points out. No countess to be seen! Her horse strangled on one side of the road, her pelisse in shreds upon the other. They search, they beat the woods in every direction. At last, a hunter shouts, 'Bear!' Bruin was crossing a clearing in the forest, still dragging the countess, with intent, no doubt, to devour her at his ease in a thicket; for these animals, like the monks, regard dinner as a serious occupation, and don't like to be disturbed at meal-times. The count, only recently married, was quite chivalric, and would have thrown himself upon the bear, with his hunting-knife in hand; but, my dear sir, a bear of Lithuania does not allow himself to be dirked like a stag. Fortunately, the count's arquebuse-bearer, a chap fond of the bottle, and so drunk that he could not have distinguished a rabbit from a roebuck, fires from a hundred paces' distance, without caring whether the ball hits the beast or the lady."

"And he killed the bear?"

"Dead, sir. It takes a drunkard to make such shots. There are also predestinated balls, professor. We have sorcerers here who sell them at a fancy price. The countess was badly scratched, unconscious, of course, and with a broken leg. They carry her home; she revives, but her reason is gone. They take her to St. Petersburg. Great consultation, four doctors, bedizened with all the rosettes and orders of honor. They say that the countess is pregnant, and that her delivery may in due time bring about a favorable crisis. Let her breathe pure country air, drink whey, and take codeine. Each receives one hundred rubles. Several months afterward, the countess gives birth to a well-formed male child; but the favorable crisis? Ah, well, yes; paroxysms more violent than ever. The count shows her their babe. That never fails in its effect—in romances. 'Kill it, kill the beast!' she cries, and she had very nearly wrung its neck. Then alternations of stupidity with furious mania. Strong propensity to suicide. She has to be tied up when taken out to air. It takes three strong servants to hold her. And yet, professor, note this fact. When I am at the end of my Latin, without making her obey, I have still a means of controlling her. I threaten her with cutting off her hair. It was once very beautiful. Coquetry! That is the last human sentiment which remains. Is it not queer? If I could manage her in my own way, perhaps I might cure her."

"How would that be?"

"By thrashing her tremendously. I cured, in this way, twenty peasant-women in a village where that curious Russian mania of howling had broken out. One *klikoucha** begins to howl, her neighbor or most intimate acquaintance is next seized, and, in three days, the whole village is howling. By thrashing them, I quieted it all. (Take a hazel-rod, they are tender.) The count has never been willing for me to try this method."

"What! Would you have him consent to your abominable treatment?"

"Oh, he has known his mother so little; and, then, it is for her good! But tell me, professor, would you have thought that fright could occasion the permanent loss of reason?"

"The situation of the countess was horrible! To find one's self in the claws of so fierce a beast!"

"Well, now, her son is not like her. Less than a year ago, he was exactly in the same fix, and, thanks to his coolness, he escaped perfectly."

"From the claws of a bear?"

"Of a she-bear, and the largest seen in a long time. The count would attack her with a spear. Bah! with a blow of her arm, she parries the thrust, she grabs the count, and throws him as easily as I could upset this bottle. He cunningly feigned death. The bear smelled of him; then, instead of tearing him, began to lick him. He

had the firmness not to budge, and she passed on her way. It was early in the fall, and bears care not for flesh when they can find fruits and honey."

"The bear thought he was dead. In fact, I have heard that these animals would not eat a corpse."

"We must believe it, but abstain from personal experiments; but, on the score of fear, let me tell you what happened at Sevastopol. Five or six of us were round a jug of beer, just brought us behind the ambulance of the famous Bastion Number Five. The *vidette* cries, 'A shell!' We all hug Mother Earth, except one—never mind his name—a young officer, who remained standing, with his glass full, when the shell burst. It carried off the head of my poor comrade, André Speranski, a brave lad, and broke the jug—fortunately, it was almost empty. When we got up after the explosion, we saw, amid the smoke, our friend the officer, swallowing the last drops of his goblet, as if it were all a matter of course. We thought him a hero. Next day, I met Captain Guédéonof, coming out of the hospital, who said he should dine with us, and find champagne to celebrate his return. That evening, we were seated at table, and our beer-drinking hero was of the company. He was not expecting the champagne. A bottle is opened near him. Paf! The cork strikes him on the temple. He utters a cry, and faints. Believe that my hero was thoroughly frightened the first time, and that if he drank his beer, instead of dodging, it was because he had lost his senses, and only went through the motions unconsciously. In fact, professor, the human machine—"

"Doctor," said a servant, entering the room, "Idanova says that the countess won't eat."

"Deuce take it!" growled the doctor; "I am coming.—When I have made my she-devil eat, professor, we may, if you like, play a little game of *douratchki*."

I expressed my regrets at my ignorance of this pastime, and, while he visited his patient, I returned to my room, and wrote to Miss Gertrude.

II.

It was a warm night, and I had left my window open on the park. My letter written, and not being sleepy yet, I was studying the irregular Lithuanian verbs, and seeking in the Sanscrit mother-tongue the causes of their peculiarities. From this meditation I was distracted by the cracking of dead limbs in a tree near my window, and sounds as though some heavy animal were climbing it. With the doctor's bear-stories fresh in my mind, I rose, not altogether self-possessed, and, at a few feet only from my window, a human head appeared among the leaves, full in the light of my lamp. The singular glow of those eyes struck me more than I can express, and I started back; then, collecting myself, I ran to the window, and called out sharply to know what this intruder was after. He was descending rapidly, swung off upon a strong bough, let himself drop, and disappeared. I rang; a servant entered. I told him what had passed.

"The Herr Professor must be mistaken."

"I am sure of what I say," I replied. "I fear there is a robber in the park."

"Impossible, sir."

"Then it is some one of this household."

The servant opened his eyes wide, without answering. At last he asked me whether I had any orders to give. I told him to close the window, and I went to bed.

I slept well, without dreaming of bears or of robbers. Next morning, I had just dressed, when some one knocked at my door. I opened, and found myself in presence of a very tall and handsome young man, in a Bukharian dressing-gown, and holding a long Turkish pipe in his hand.

"I come to ask pardon, professor," he said, "for my poor welcome to such a guest as yourself. I am Count Szemioth."

I replied that I had to thank him, on the contrary, for his magnificent hospitality, and asked if his headache were quite gone.

"Very nearly—until the next attack," he added, with a saddened air. "Are you pretty comfortable here? Remember that you are among barbarians. We must not be difficult in Samogitia."

I assured him that all was perfect; but, while speaking, I could not help looking at him with a curiosity that I felt to be impertinent. There was something strange in his look, that recalled to me the eyes I had seen last night; but how absurd the supposition that Count Szemioth should be climbing trees at night, beside his own dwelling, and no fair lady in the case!

* From the radical *kluk*, a clamor, howling.

His forehead was high and well developed, although rather narrow. His features were very regular; only his eyes were set too close together, and it seemed to me that there was not the space of an eye between the two lachrymal glands, as the rule of Greek sculptors requires. His glance was thrilling. Our eyes met several times involuntarily, and there was some mutual embarrassment, when suddenly the count burst out laughing, and exclaimed:

"You have recognized me!"

"Recognized you?"

"Yes. You surprised me last evening, playing the schoolboy."

"Oh, count!"

"I had been suffering all day in my room. In the evening, feeling better, I was walking in the garden. I had seen a light in your room, and yielded to an impulse of curiosity. I would have named and presented myself; but the situation was so ridiculous. I was ashamed, and retreated. Pardon me for disturbing your labors."

This was all said in a tone intended to be playful; but he blushed, and was evidently ill at ease. I made as light of the matter as possible, to remove all unpleasant impressions from his mind, and, to cut this ticklish subject, asked if it were true that he possessed the Samogitian Catechism written by Father Lawicki.

"Perhaps so; but, to tell the truth, I am little acquainted with my father's library. He liked old books and rarities. I hardly ever read any but modern books. But we will search, professor. You want us, then, to read the Gospel in Jmoude?"

"Do you not think, count, that a translation of the Scriptures into this language is very desirable?"

"Assuredly. However, I may call your attention to the fact that, among those who speak no other language than the Jmoude, not one knows how to read."

"Perhaps so. But I ask your *sietelstvo** the permission to remark that the greatest difficulty in learning to read is the want of books. When the Samogitian peasants shall have a printed text, they will wish to read it, and they will learn to read. This has already been the case with many savages—not that I would apply such a term to the inhabitants of this country. Besides," I added, "is it not deplorable that a language should disappear without leaving a trace? These thirty years, now, the Prussian has been a dead language. The last person who spoke Cornic died the other day."

"Sad!" returned the count. "Alexander Humboldt told my father that he had known in America a parrot—the only creature living that spoke a few words of the language of a tribe now utterly destroyed by the small-pox.—Will you take tea here?"

While sipping our tea, we talked Jmoude. The count blamed—and justly—the German style of printing Lithuanian.

"Your alphabet," said he, "does not suit our tongue. You have neither our J, nor our L, nor our Y, nor our E. I have a collection of *dainos*, published last year at St. Petersburg, and it tasks my ingenuity to guess out the words in their disfigured guise."

"Your *sietelstvo* doubtless refers to Lessner's *dainos*?"

"Yes; the poetry is very flat—is it not?"

"He might perhaps have chosen better. Such as it is, this collection has no other than a purely philological interest. We may gather sweeter flowers among your popular poems."

"Alas! I doubt it, notwithstanding my patriotism."

"A few weeks ago, I found at Wilno a quite pretty historical ballad, in a true vein of poetry. May I read it to you?"

"Most willingly."

He leaned back in his arm-chair, after asking my permission to smoke.

"I can only understand poetry while I am smoking," he said.

"This is entitled, 'The Three Sons of Boudrys.'"

"The Three Sons of Boudrys!" exclaimed the count, with a gesture of surprise.

"Yes; Boudrys, as your *sietelstvo* knows better than I do, is an historical personage."

The count fixed on me his singular gaze—something indefinable, at once timid and ferocious, which impressed one unaccustomed to it rather painfully. I hastened to read, so as to evade it:

"THE THREE SONS OF BOUDRYS."

"In the court of his castle, old Boudrys called up his three sons—three true Lithuanians, like himself. He said to them: 'Children,

feed your war-steeds, make ready your saddles, sharpen your sabres and javelins.

"They say that at Wilno war is declared against the three corners of the world. Olgerd will march against the Russians; Skirghello, against our neighbors the Poles; Keystut will fall upon the Teutons.* You are young, strong, bold; go and combat; may the gods of Lithuania protect you! This year, I shall make no campaign; but I wish to give you my counsel. You are three—three roads open before you.

"Let one of you accompany Olgerd into Russia, to the banks of Lake Ilmen, under the walls of Novgorod. Ermine-skins and figured stuffs are found there in plenty; among the merchants, rubles, like ice-blocks in the river.

"Let the second follow Keystut in his raid. Let him cut to pieces the rascally cross-bearers. Amber, there, is the pebble of the sea-shore. Their cloths are unrivalled for lustre and colors. There are rubies in the garments of their priests.

"Let the third pass the Niemen with Skirghello. On the other side he will find the vile instruments of husbandry. But he may choose good lances, strong bucklers, and he will bring me back a daughter.

"The Polish maids, my children, are the fairest of our captives—playful as kittens, white as cream—under their black eyebrows, their eyes shine like two stars. When I was young, half a century ago, I brought back from Poland a beautiful captive, who was my wife. Long ago, she passed away; but I cannot look on this side of the hearth without thinking of her."

"He gave his blessing to the young men, who already were armed, and in the saddle. They set forth. Autumn comes, then winter—they return not. Old Boudrys gives them up for dead.

"A snow-storm rages; a horseman approaches, covering with his black *bourka*† some precious burden.

"'Tis a sack," says Boudrys. 'Is it full of rubles from Novgorod?'

"No, father; I bring you a daughter from Poland."

"Amid another storm, a horseman draws near, and his *bourka* is swollen out by some treasure.

"What is that, child? Yellow amber of Germany?"

"No, father; I bring you a bride from Poland."

"The snow falls in drifts; a knight advances, hiding something precious under his *bourka*. But, before he has shown his treasure, Boudrys has invited his friends to a third wedding."

"Bravo, professor!" cried the count. "You pronounce Jmoude admirably; but who gave you that pretty *daina*?"

"A young lady, to whom I had the honor of being introduced at Wilno by the Princess Katazyzna Pač."

"And her name?"

"The *Panna Iwinska*."

"*Mias Ioulka*!" exclaimed the count. "The little madcap! I might have guessed it. My dear professor, you know Jmoude and all the learned tongues, you have read all the old books; but you have let yourself be mystified by a girl who has only read novels. She has translated for you into Jmoude, more or less correct, one of the pretty ballads of Mičkievics, which you have not read, because it is no older than I am. If you like, I will show it to you in Polish, or, if you prefer a good Russian translation, I will give you Puschkin."

I confess that I was silenced. How it would have rejoiced the Dorpat professor, had I published the *daina* of the Sons of Boudrys as original!

Instead of amusing himself at my embarrassment, the count, with exquisite politeness, presented a new topic.

"And so," said he, "you know *Mias Ioulka*?"

"I have had the honor to be presented to her."

"And what do you think of her? Be frank."

"She is a very amiable young lady."

"You are pleased to say so."

"She is very pretty."

"How?"

"Why, has she not the finest eyes in the world?"

"Yes—"

"A skin of most extraordinary whiteness. I remember a Persian

* The title given to a count, meaning, your luminous splendor.

* Cavaliers of the Teutonic order.

† Felt mantle.

ghazel, in which a lover celebrates the fineness of his mistress's skin. 'When she drinks red wine,' says he, 'one sees it pass along her throat.' The panna Iwinska has brought to mind these Persian verses."

"Perhaps Miss Ioulka presents this phenomenon; but I know not whether she really has blood in her veins. She has no heart; she is white as the snow, and as cold."

He arose, and walked up and down the room without speaking, and, as it seemed to me, to hide his emotion; then, suddenly stopping—

"Excuse me," he said; "we were speaking, I believe, of popular poetry—"

"Yes, count."

"We must agree, after all, that she has very prettily translated Mickiewicz. 'Playful as a kitten—white as cream—her eyes shine like two stars.' This is her portrait—is it not so?"

"Completely, count."

"And, as to this practical joke—quite out of place, it is true—the poor child has so little chance of fun at her old aunt's—she leads the life of a nun."

"At Wilno she went into society. I saw her at a ball given by the officers of the regiment of—"

"Ah, yes! young officers—that is the society she likes. To laugh with one, talk scandal with another, and coquet with all.—Will you look at my father's library, professor?"

I followed him to a large gallery, where there were many books, well bound, but rarely opened, as we might judge by the dust upon their rows. My joy was great when one of the first volumes which I drew out proved to be the "Catechismus Samogiticus." A cry of pleasure escaped me. Mysterious attractions seem to influence us unconsciously. The count took this book, and, after negligently turning the leaves, wrote upon the cover: "*To Professor Wittembach, presented by Michel Semioth.*" I could not express the transport of my gratitude, and mentally promised myself that, after my death, this precious book should adorn the library of the university where I had graduated.

"Be pleased to consider this library as your working-room," said the count to me. "You will never be disturbed here."

III.

After breakfast, next morning, the count proposed a ride to me. We were to visit a *kapas*, or Lithuanian mound—the Russian *kourydne*, renowned as the trysting-place of poets and sorcerers, who are all one in the notion of these peasants.

"I have a gentle horse to offer you, professor; carriage-road there is none."

I would rather have stayed at home, taking notes in the library, but, unwilling to balk the fancy of my generous host, accepted his invitation. Our horses awaited us. At the foot of the steps, we found in the court a servant holding a dog in leash. The count paused a moment, and, turning toward me, said:

"Are you a judge of this article?"

"But little, your *sietelstvo*."

"The Staroste of Zorany, where I have an estate, sends me this spaniel, of which he writes wonders. Allow me to look at it."

He called the servant, who led the dog up. It was a very handsome creature. Already familiar with this man, the dog leaped gayly, and seemed full of spirit; but, when within a few paces of the count, it stuck its tail between its legs, drew back, and seemed stricken with sudden terror. The count caressed it, which made it howl lamentably. After looking at it some time with a knowing eye, he said, "I think it will answer; take care of it." Then he mounted his horse.

"Professor," he continued, as we rode along the avenue, "you have witnessed the fear of this dog. I wished you to see it yourself. . . . As a learned man, you ought to clear up mysteries. Why are animals afraid of me?"

"In truth, your *sietelstvo* does me too much honor in taking me for an *Œdipus*. I am but an humble professor of comparative philology."

"Observe," said he, "that I never beat either dogs or horses. I would be ashamed to strike a poor beast for making a mistake. And yet you can hardly conceive what an aversion dogs and horses show to me. I have to take twice the time and trouble that any one else needs in order to overcome their prejudices. I had quite a siege in break-

ing the horse that you are now riding. Now, he is as gentle as a lamb."

"I think, count, that animals are physiognomists, and that they discern at once whether a person whom they see for the first time has or has not a liking for them. I suspect that you prize animals only for the services they render you, while other persons have a natural partiality for certain beasts, which immediately perceive this. For my own part, I have always felt an instinctive predilection for cats. They very seldom run from me. And never has a cat scratched me."

"So it may be," said the count. "Indeed, I have not what may be called a fancy for animals. They are hardly any better than men. . . . I am leading you, professor, into a forest, where at this hour flourishes the empire of the beasts, the *matecmik*, the grand matrix, the great factory of beings. Yes, according to our national traditions, no one has sounded their depths, no one has been able to reach the centre of these woods and marshes, except, mark you, the poets and sorcerers, who penetrate everywhere. There the animals live in a republic, or under a constitutional monarchy, I cannot say which. The lions, the bears, the elks, the *joubz*, as we call the urus, all live in good understanding with each other. The mammoth, which is preserved there, enjoys great consideration. He is, I believe, marshal of the diet. They have a very strict police, and when they find any beast vicious, they judge it and exile it. It is then obliged to adventure into the country of men. Few escape."

"A very curious legend," I exclaimed; "but, count, you speak of the urus, this noble beast which Cæsar has described in his 'Commentaries,' and which the Merovingian kings chased in the forest of Compeigne; does it really exist in Lithuania, as I have understood?"

"Assuredly. My father once killed a *joubz* himself, with permission of the government. You may have seen its head in the great hall. I have never seen one alive, and I believe that the *joubz* are very scarce. On the other hand, we have wolves and bears in plenty. For the chance of our meeting with one of these gentry, I have brought along this instrument" (he showed a Circassian *teckhole*, a gun-case, which he wore slung upon his back), "and my groom carries a double-barrelled carbine at his saddle-bow."

We began to penetrate the forest. Soon our narrow pathway disappeared. At every moment we had to turn enormous trees, the low branches of which barred our passage. Some of them dead and blown down, formed a rampart crowned by a line of *chevaux de frise*. Elsewhere, deep ponds were covered with water-lilies and lentils. Afar we saw clear spots of emerald green, a luxuriant but treacherous vegetation that usually hides gulfs of mud in which horse and rider would forever disappear. . . . These difficulties of the route had checked our conversation. I carefully followed the count's lead, and admired the imperturbable sagacity with which he guided his course without a compass, and always found the ideal direction of the *kapas*. He was evidently a hunter at home in these wild forests.

At last we perceived the *kapas* in the centre of a wide clearing. It was quite elevated and surrounded by a moat, the sides of which had caved in and grown up with rank weeds and brushwood. Apparently this *kapas* had been ferreted. At the summit were the remains of a stone building, and some of the stones were calcined.

Heaps of ashes, cinders, and fragments of rude pottery, attested the old custom of keeping up fires on the mound. The legend ran that human sacrifices were once celebrated on these *kapas*, but all extinct religions suffer the same abominable imputation, and I doubt whether this opinion can be justified by historical testimony with regard to the ancient Lithuanians.

The count and I were descending the mound in the direction where we had left our horses, when behold an old woman coming toward us, leaning on a staff and holding a basket in her hand. "My good lords," said she, "for the love of God give me something to buy a glass of brandy, to warm up my poor old body!"

The count threw her a piece of silver, and asked what she was doing in the woods, so far from any habitation. In answer, she showed us her basket full of mushrooms. Although my botanic lore is quite limited, it seemed to me that several of these mushrooms were of poisonous kinds. "Good woman," said I, "you do not expect, I hope, to eat those?"

"My good master," replied the old creature, with a ghastly smile, "poor folks eat all that the Lord gives them."

"You are unacquainted with our Lithuanian stomachs," added the

count, "they are lined with tin. Our peasants eat all the mushrooms they find, and are so much the better for it."

"Prevent her at least from eating that *Agaricus nector*, which I see in her basket," I exclaimed, and my hand was stretched toward one of the most poisonous, but the old woman quickly withdrew the basket. "Take care," said she, "they are guarded. — *Pirkuns!* *Pirkuns!*"

Pirkuns is the Samogitian name of that divinity called by the Russians *Péroune*, and who is the *Jupiter Tonans* of the Slavic race. If I was surprised at hearing the old woman invoke a god of paganism, I was still more so to see the mushrooms stir as though they were about to boil up. Then the black head of a snake issued and rose a foot above the basket. I sprang backward, and the count spat over his shoulder in accordance with a superstitious habit of the Slaves, who imagine thus to avert sorceries, like the ancient Romans. The old woman set down the basket, crouched beside it, then, with her hand stretched toward the snake, muttered some unintelligible incantation; the serpent remained still for a moment, then coiling itself round her old skinny arm, disappeared in the sleeve of her sheepskin capote, which, with a worn-out chemise, seemed to compose the whole costume of this Lithuanian Circe. She looked up at us with a smirk of triumph, like a juggler who has compassed some difficult trick. In her countenance cunning was blended with stupidity, as I have often remarked among pretenders to sorcery, who are at once dupes and knaves.

"Here," said the count to me in German, "is a specimen of local color, a sorceress charming a serpent, at the foot of a *kapas*, in presence of a learned professor and of an ignorant Lithuanian gentleman. That would make a fine subject for a *tableau de genre* of your compatriot Knauss. . . . Would you like to have your fortune told. You have here an opportunity."

I answered that I should beware of encouraging such practices. "I would like better," I added, "to ask her if she knows any particulars of the curious tradition about this forest."

"Good woman, have you not heard mention of a place in these woods where the beasts live in society, beyond the power of men?"

The old woman nodded yes, and with her little half-silly, half-shrewd giggle, said: "I am come from there. The beasts have lost their king. *Noble*, the lion, is dead; the beasts are going to elect another king. Go there—you will be the king, perhaps."

"What are you saying there, mother?" cried the count, laughing heartily. "Do you know whom you are talking to? You don't know that this gentleman is (how the deuce do they call a professor in *Jmoude*?)—he is a great scholar, a wise man, a *vaidele*?" *

The old woman looked at him attentively.

"I was wrong," she said; "it is you that ought to go yonder. You will be their king, not he; you are tall, you are strong, you have claws and teeth."

"What say you to these spicy epigrams that she lets fly at us?" asked the count.—"You know the way, good mother?" he asked her.

She pointed in a certain direction.

"Yes, indeed," said the count; "and the swamp, how do you get across that?—You must know, professor, that on the side she points to is an impassable morass, a lake of liquid mud covered over with grass and weeds. Last year, a stag, wounded by me, threw himself into this satanic pool. I saw him sinking, slowly, slowly. After a few minutes, I could see but his horns, presently all disappeared, and two of my dogs along with him."

"But I am not heavy," said the old woman, grinning.

"I believe that you could easily cross this swamp on a broomstick."

A lightning of anger flashed in her eyes.

"My good lord," she resumed, in the drawling nasal whine of beggars, "have you not a pipe of tobacco to give a poor woman? You would do better," she added, lowering her voice, "to seek the passage of the swamp, than to be going to Dowghielli."

"Dowghielli!" exclaimed the count, reddening. "What do you mean?"

I could not help remarking the singular effect which this word produced upon him. He was evidently embarrassed; he bent his head, and, to conceal his trouble, fumbled at his tobacco-pouch, hung upon the hilt of his hunting-knife.

* The *vaidele* were the bards of Lithuania.

"No, don't you go to Dowghielli," resumed the old woman. "The little white dove is not for you.—Is it, *Pirkuns*?" As she spoke, the snake lifted its head through the collar of the old cloak, and lengthened its neck toward the ear of its mistress. Trained, no doubt, to this trick, the reptile moved its jaws as if it were speaking. "It says that I am right," added the old woman.

The count gave her a handful of tobacco. "You know me?" he asked her.

"No, my good lord."

"I am the proprietor of *Medintiltas*. Come and see me one of these days. I will give you tobacco and brandy."

The old woman kissed his hand and strode away. We lost her out of sight in a moment. The count remained pensive, knotting and untwisting the strings of his pouch with the air of an absent-minded man.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XXX.—IN WHICH MR. ALEXANDER USES STRONG LANGUAGE, AND AN OLD LADY IS IN A DILEMMA BETWEEN A BULL AND A SWINDLER.

"The Moffats, by—!" roared Alexander, as soon as he heard Arnaud's tale. He rang his bell, and sent for Marjoram.

Arnaud went through his story again.

"Moffat in every step, and both the scoundrels at the *finale*," said Alexander. "There is a droll rascality about it, which is Nick Moffat all over."

Marjoram shook his head dubiously. He always maintained that Moffat had done justice on himself in the *Serpentine*.

"Moffat's hair," he said, "was growing gray ten years ago, and ought to be white now. Mr. Sandford's, it appears, was a grizzly black."

"Tut, man," said Alexander; "Moffat's hair is all colors; it would be black-and-tan to-morrow, if it suited his purpose."

"But surely Mr. Woodville is entitled to be heard," said Mr. Marjoram.

"Woodville is a gander," said Alexander. "But why should the Moffats do it? What interest has either of them in the disposition of the Rowley property?"

"None. Of course, they are hirelings."

"But whose?—but whose?"

"Who takes the bulk of the property under this will, suppose it were to stand? The *cui bono* answers the question."

"Mr. Upjohn is, by all accounts, utterly incapable of dishonorable conduct."

"But Upjohn has a wife."

"I should think twice before I imputed such a piece of wickedness even to her. That she is a selfish and worthless woman, I am perfectly ready to believe, on Mr. Cosie's authority; but it's a long way from that to such an atrocious piece of iniquity as this."

"And what explanation occurs to yourself?" said Alexander, calmly, accustomed to receive with respect every thing that fell from his partner.

"Simply that Mr. Rowley, sane or insane, made this will under the impulse of animosity to his wife, and the person who assisted him happened accidentally to bear a strong resemblance to this Mr. Sandford."

"Who accidentally bears a prodigious resemblance to the Moffats. The two concurring accidents are unfortunate, Marjoram, for your view of the case."

"Be that as it may," persisted Marjoram, "this will is only to be shaken by proving the unsoundness of Mr. Rowley's intellect—a point about which I know nothing; the case will turn on that much more than on Moffat's concern in it."

"But it may be of vast importance," said Alexander, "to show that Mr. Rowley, at the time of making his will, was under the influence of a notorious scoundrel, especially if we can connect him with the people who are to be the gainers."

"I don't deny that," said Marjoram; "it's an ugly business, in

whatever light it is viewed. If you are right, it will be impossible to save Mrs. Rowley, except by convicting the Upjohns of the most infamous and criminal conduct."

"She will hardly consent to be saved in that way!" exclaimed Arnaud, who had hitherto been a silent listener.

Marjoram smiled like an experienced old attorney, as he was. Alexander only gravely remarked that he was sure Mrs. Rowley would do whatever duty and prudence and her professional advisers recommended. Arnaud was too modest to make any reply, and he soon left the two solicitors together.

"Cosie," said Alexander, "spoke of a will made some years ago."

"He did. We will have to set it up against the new one; but, unless it is in Mrs. Rowley's hands, it may not be very easy to do so. If the Upjohns are at the bottom of this business, they will assuredly give us no assistance."

"No," said Alexander, musingly; "we must consider all that."

He transacted some other business, then rang his bell.

"Any one in the waiting-room?"

"Miss Fazakerly, sir," with the stereotyped simper with which certain lady clients, and Miss Fazakerly in particular, were always named at the office.

Alexander made his escape by the usual sly way out into the park, then round the corner where the cows stand, and back to Cockspur Street, where he took a cab and drove to Cumberland Gate. He was unknown there, and had therefore no doubt of seeing Mr. Upjohn if he was at home. He was at home, and Alexander was shown in. He found poor John Upjohn looking much more like a man who had been ruined than one who had just got a fortune. It was not that he was stupefied and bewildered, as men often are by an unexpected stroke of good luck. He had never looked at the sunny side of the question at all; he saw nothing but his brother's miserably sudden death, and the extraordinary ill-usage of his wife, the motives for which were to him inexplicable. Nothing in all this surprised Alexander, so high was the opinion he had formed of the worth of Mr. Upjohn; but he was greatly struck, indeed, when he found that the little man had been kept in complete ignorance of every thing important that had occurred in his brother's family from the day Mrs. Rowley left England. He had even been under the impression that his brother was getting better; he had never heard of his frantic removal to another house, and he had never received a letter either from him or from Mrs. Rowley.

"My brother and I were always greatly attached," said Upjohn, with the greatest feeling. "I always felt sure he would send for me if he was dangerously ill—why he did not, or nobody for him, I cannot understand. He died, it is clear, under some delusion respecting his wife. Good God! Mr. Alexander, had I but seen him, I could have cleared up every thing in five minutes, and he would never have made this will."

"Mrs. Rowley wrote to you herself," said Alexander, who had been told this by Arnaud; "and Miss Cateran wrote also, I have reason to know, by your brother's direction."

"I received neither letter," said Mr. Upjohn.

Alexander drew his inferences, but made no remark. It was not, however, with a view to a conversation of this kind that he had called on Mr. Upjohn.

"In short," resumed that gentleman, "you find me in a state of distress and perplexity such as I never was in before in my life. I am very glad to see you and talk with you; you have told me things I never heard before: upon the honor of a gentleman, I am unable to throw the least light on what has taken place."

"My dear sir," said Alexander, "I have not called on you because I had any doubt of your honorable conduct, nor should I have been justified in doing so even if I had; I called simply to ask you a question on Mrs. Rowley's part, of which you will at once see the importance. I believe you have in your possession your brother's former will—the will he revoked by this one."

"To be sure I have, though I don't exactly know at this moment where it is; but, wherever it is, you shall have it in a few days."

"I am going out of town," said Alexander; "but pray let my partner have it as soon as you lay your hands on it."

"Certainly; it is Mrs. Rowley's document—it ought to be in your hands. Tell her from me that good fortune could not possibly come to me in a more unwelcome shape than in misfortune to her; tell her

that I never coveted an acre of my brother's property, and least of all since I knew her and loved her as a sister. I don't say that this extraordinary will does not gratify the members of my family—it is only natural it should; but it gives me personally nothing but grief. Few would believe me, but Mrs. Rowley will for one."

"There is one believer more, I assure you," said Alexander, taking his leave much touched.

Mrs. Upjohn, exulting in her drawing-room, and strutting about like a peacock, while her husband was in trouble in his study, saw Alexander from the window, and, though she had never seen him before, his fine person left no doubt on her mind that he was the handsome solicitor over whom she had indirectly triumphed.

"There he is—there he is, Harriet! Alexander!—Alexander!" she called to her daughter, who, throwing down the book she was reading, ran over to get a glimpse of the gentleman of whom she had heard so much. "Doesn't he look down in the mouth?" said Mrs. Upjohn, whose vocabulary always savored more of her life before matrimony than after it.

"I scarcely saw his face," said her daughter.

"What consternation they must be in," continued the mother, "to intrude on your papa at such a moment! No doubt, to fish for some information while he is in trouble and off his guard, in hopes of setting aside your poor uncle's will."

Alexander drove from Cumberland Gate to his mother's, to say good-by before he left town. He found the old lady in an extraordinary state of excitement; but it was not about Mrs. Rowley or events in Paris, of which she knew nothing.

"Now I know you have got something wonderful to tell me," said Frederick.

"Well, now, I have, Fred; so sit down, and promise me you won't laugh or be unbelieving."

"No, no," said Fred; "I won't laugh at any thing you tell me, that's not laughable; and I promise to believe every thing, in reason."

"I suppose I must be content. Well, then, Fred, what I have to say is this—he's not dead, after all."

"Who's not dead?" He thought for a moment she meant Mr. Rowley.

"Who but old Nick—Nick Moffat, I mean. He's alive and merry, Fred, and in London at this moment."

"The last part of the story is news to me, mother," said Alexander; "but the former is not. That the rogue is living still, I have too good reason to know."

"Oh, then you have seen poor Miss Fazakerly?"

"On the contrary," said her son, laughing, "I have just escaped from her, or I should not have had time to come to see you."

"Poor thing! she went expressly to tell you about Moffat, whom she saw this very morning in Oxford Street, and it was nearly the death of her."

"She is sure it was he?" said Alexander.

"Not a doubt about it. I think I once told you before that the poor thing is always meeting with accidents in the streets. Her great troubles are from the cattle going to Smithfield. She has been horned and tossed ever so many times, owing to the queer rags of things she wears all hanging and fluttering about her, particularly that old red shawl of hers; it provokes the cattle, especially the bulls, and they always rush at her."

"It must be very hard, mother, for a bull to resist her, I should think."

"Well now, Fred, it is no laughing matter. She was crossing Oxford Street yesterday, near Tottenham Court Road, and a drove of bullocks was passing by, which frightened the poor thing quite enough; but, while she was trying to escape from them, she got a still greater shock, for she ran into the arms of a man who was close to her, and who should he be but the very fellow who robbed her of the little all she had? Oh, she is sure it was Moffat, and she thinks he knew her; she was so terrified that she lost the little self-possession she had, and ran right into the midst of the drove. How she escaped she doesn't know. She thinks it must have been by a miracle."

"One of those miracles, mother, that happen every day in the streets to save poor ladies like Miss Fazakerly, else there would be a great mortality among them; but I am not disposed to doubt that she really did see the rascal, and the information is so important that

I must act upon it without a moment's delay. So now I will kiss you and bid you good-by."

From his mother's house he went straight to Scotland Yard, saw the chief police authorities, and concerted measures to arrest the career of one at least of the comical miscreants who, after ten years' truce, were at war with society again. The same evening he left town, leaving all the Rowley and Upjohn connection discussing the situation and probable proceedings of the widow.

CHAPTER XXXI.—WHAT PEOPLE THOUGHT OF THE WILL.—HOW MR. MARJORAM ATTENDED THE CHISWICK FETE, AND WHOM HE SAW THERE.—HOW MR. UPJOHN LEFT TOWN ON A SUDDEN, AND HIS WIFE WAS VISITED BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

It would hardly be disputed by any one out of an attorney's office or a lawyer's chambers, that, generally speaking, the dullest of all reading is a legal document. Three volumes of marriage-settlements would have a poor chance against the most trumpery romance that was ever written; and a collection of equity-pleadings would make an unsuccessful serial, even illustrated by the pencil of a Doyle or a Leech. But, as to all general rules, there are exceptions, so the case to be taken out of the broad critical law just laid down is decidedly the case of wills. For its own circle of readers, the extent of which is commonly in proportion to the bulk of the property bequeathed, a will "just published" may vie in effect and interest with the sensation produced by the appearance of "Waverley" itself. Suppose, after the assassination of Cæsar, that Antony, instead of the dictator's will, had taken with him into the rostrum the Commentaries of his butchered friend, and given the Roman mob the finest passage in the work, do you imagine, admirable reader as Marcus seems to have been, he would have kept his audience long about him, especially if somebody else were at the same time reading the testament from the steps of an adjoining temple? Or, to take another example, when the blacksmith of that village (whose name I have forgotten) drew the whole population round his anvil of a summer evening, to listen (as Sir John Herschel records in one of his essays) to the story of Pamela, if, in the midst of the most exciting scene, some one had rushed to the forge with the news that the steward was reading the will of the late lord of the manor at the market-cross, do you believe that the work of the great novelist, with all his genius and mastery of the human heart, would have detained for one moment longer the most sentimental swain or shepherdess in the hamlet? There would probably not have been a single clodpole in the throng with an interest worth a groat in the rival production, but, nevertheless, the will would assuredly have touched a chord in every bosom beyond the reach of any other pen, and the lawyer who composed it would have triumphed over the greatest novelist of his age. There is something unselfish, after all, even in the service of the money-god. How many worship at his shrine who adore him only in the pale reflection of the golden light which he sheds on happier mortals! How many votaries does he number who scarcely know the yellow ore even by its chink, or paper wealth by so much as its crisp and rustling harmony! His, it is devoutly to be feared, are the scriptures that are read with deepest attention, and his testaments beyond either old or new.

The rumor of Mr. Rowley's will made a prodigious sensation, as may be supposed, and there was endless cawing for some days in a large family rookery, including Babbicomes and Hunters, Pickfords and Longpoles, and twenty other names, in a numerous and ramified connection. But none of them all was so loud in the expression of surprise as the lady who carried the day, though she affirmed at the same time that there never was a more natural will made, which was not precisely consistent with the previous profession of amazement. Some time elapsed before any thing was heard in England to throw a shadow of a doubt on the validity of the document. As soon as something to that effect began to be bruited, Mrs. Rowley's scale went up again a little, and Mrs. Upjohn's fell in the same proportion, but curiosity was piqued, the cawing increased, inquiries at Spring Gardens multiplied vexatiously, and everybody was happier.

If the question of sanity was raised, there was sure to be not only litigation in abundance, but of a kind to make the lips water. The harvest of the lawyers was nothing to that which the gossips expected. In short, there was every prospect of as exciting a game as ever was played in a court of justice. Women are notoriously the

most desperate gamblers, and, when the stake was so large an estate, and the chieftainship of the house to boot, the fun might be expected, as an Irish cousin observed, to "bang cock-fighting."

Two parties were formed already: an Upjohn party for the will, and a Rowley party against it. The men in general were Rowleyites, especially all who knew or had once seen Mrs. Rowley. It was by the men, as usual, that her character had all along been defended against the malignant attacks of her rival. Lord St. Michael's and some others never heard a whisper against her without denouncing it with such severity that calumny grew more cautious, and as Mrs. Upjohn herself, acting on Mr. Leonard's parting advice, had latterly kept her tongue in better control, and found it easier to do it as her schemes of revenge ripened, Mrs. Rowley's fair name, at this important crisis of her life, suffered infinitely less than her worldly prospects. As to Mrs. Upjohn, she would have had more adherents if she had not been on the spot to make a *prima-facie* case against herself, with her face of brass and her coarse and insolent demeanor. The constraint she had found it politic to put on her countenance and language had subdued the latter, but it had not improved the former. How would she have looked had she been worsted, when she looked so forbidding in her triumph!

Ever since Mr. Blackadder returned to his parish, the maternal influences began to resume their sway over Miss Upjohn. She had been extremely uneasy about the state of her uncle's preparation for the next world, carried off so suddenly as he was, but that subject was beginning to disturb her much less than the misgivings she felt, and could not help seeing that her mother in some degree felt also, as to the stability of the good things of the present life under the new settlement. When the news of the will first arrived, the next post carried the tidings to her swain in Cornwall in a jubilant tone, which, not many days later, when she began to hear doubts raised and questions mooted, was changed into notes of despondency. Mr. Blackadder very becomingly rebuked what he becomingly called the worldly spirit of both letters. Harriet replied petulantly. There was more than one passage of arms of the same unpleasant nature, and, probably, had it not been for the brilliant contingency of the Scotch peerage, already mentioned, the love-affair with the Cornish curate might have come, about this period, to an abrupt termination.

The first time Mr. Marjoram ever saw the ladies of the Upjohn family was at the Chiswick fete, during his partner's absence from town, which, on this occasion, was more protracted than usual. This was to Marjoram the greatest day of the year, like the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence to an American citizen, or the day of the Fox-club dinner at Brooke's to the Whig aristocracy. The Chiswick fete chanced this year to be favored with fine weather, though, had it been ever so bad, Mr. Marjoram would hardly have been absent, unless, perhaps, there had been any danger of Mrs. Rowley catching him again playing the truant among the flowers. He had his sisters with him as usual; he never attended a Chiswick fete without them.

Among the most prominent of the distinguished ladies who graced the exhibition, were a portly mother and tall daughter in the richest and most ostentatious mourning. There were few who did not remark them, the contrast between the freshness of their weeds (betokening the recent loss of some near relative) and the gayety of the scene, to say nothing of the bloom and radiance of their countenances, being rather striking. There lacked little penetration to see that their domestic bereavement (as those masters of style, the penny-a-liners, call it) had not been aggravated by pecuniary disappointment. The elder lady, at least, bustled among the tents, and looked down on the rest of the spectators as if she considered the ground her own, and the rest of the world plebeian intruders. When a duchess appeared in the offing, perhaps the matron lowered her flag a little, but, as to such plain people as Mr. Marjoram and the pair of maiden antiquities with him, she swept past them without the slightest notice.

The worthy solicitor, of course, cared not a fig who this formidable lady was, as long as she neither trod on his toes nor intercepted his view of the roses, but had he been curious about it his curiosity would not have been long unsatisfied. Lord St. Michael's, who happened to be present, and who knew Mrs. Upjohn by sight, came up and told Marjoram, who she was, adding, "She reminds me of a full-blown peony."

"Or an over-ripe peach," said Marjoram, not to be outdone in horticultural illustrations.

"A better simile than mine," said Lord Penzance in his ear, "for

by all accounts she has just the kind of heart that a peach has. Our friend Cosie described her once to me as the sort of woman who would not cross the floor to do any human being a service unless she saw the prospect of picking up at least a pin on the passage."

The excitement of Marjoram's sisters was irrepressible at seeing a lady about whom they had latterly been hearing a good deal, as Mrs. Rowley's sister-in-law and rival; but what most excited them, for it shocked their simple notions of propriety, was to see her in public at all.

"And her husband's brother hardly three weeks dead!" exclaimed Mary Marjoram.

"She must be a terrible woman," cried Miss Primula; "and, indeed, she looks it."

"Terrible as she is," said their brother, "I would rather have her for an enemy than a friend."

"I would rather have nothing to do with her," said his sister Mary. She was the mildest of the sisters. Prim's health was always weakly, and it sometimes soured her temper and sharpened her tongue.

"To think," she said, "of that Jezebel getting the estate from Mrs. Rowley;—oh, if I were a judge!"

"I'm very sure, Prim, if you were, you would do justice even to a Jezebel," said Marjoram.

"Oh, wouldn't I give her justice enough?" replied Prim. "She looks as if she was capable of any thing."

"Come, girls, let us look at the flowers," said their brother; "we did not come here to look at Mrs. Upjohn."

But, nevertheless, he was thinking himself much less of the roses than he was of the lady in question. He was particularly struck by the last remark of his sister Prim, that Mrs. Upjohn looked as if she were capable of any thing, and, consequently, of employing a vile agent to work for her. He thought, too, that the sooner he could get the former will out of the hands of the Upjohns the better; and the same day, with Mrs. Upjohn's features fresh in his memory, he wrote from his private residence, where he very rarely transacted any matter of business, a pressing letter to her husband on the subject.

He might have spared himself the trouble, as we shall see presently.

Never in his life had Mr. Upjohn shown such activity when interests of his own were at stake, as he did after his interview with Mr. Alexander, to hunt out the document which was avowedly to be used against him. After in vain searching all his receptacles for papers in his house in London, he went down to Foxden, confident of finding the will there.

On the day he left town, a Chelsea pensioner, with a huge black patch on one cheek, a crutch to support a broken leg, but otherwise not much worn, apparently either by time or war, called at Cumberland gate and solicited an interview with the benevolent Mrs. Upjohn.

What could a Chelsea pensioner want with her? She refused to see him, but he refused to go unless she did. Then it suddenly struck her that perhaps he was not exactly a Chelsea pensioner; and affecting to her footman to be touched by his calamities, she ordered him to be shown into her sanctum-sanctorum.

"It is to divert me, Mr. Leonard," she said, while he laid aside his three-cocked hat, "that you appear in this ridiculous disguise?"

"Madame," said the sham veteran, examining the doors and curtains with well-acted caution, and scarcely speaking above his breath, "it won't do, you see, for a detective to be detected; if I had the receipt of fern-seed to make myself invisible, while on such ticklish business as yours, it would be better for both of us."

"Then why did you come?" said Mrs. Upjohn, with a little tittering laugh. "Why do you expose yourself, if the risk is so great?"

"In the first place, madam," he replied, "just to 'shoulder my crutch and show you how fields were won,' like Goldsmith's old soldier; or, in plain prose, to make my report to your ladyship, as in duty bound, and I flatter myself it will divert you."

And truly so it did. Leonard gave her the account of his proceedings in Paris with such ludicrous exaggerations, that he kept her in a continued giggle, particularly when he came to the breakfast at the *Trois Frères*, which he swore had been given by his brother without even Miss Cateran, sharp as she was, detecting the difference.

"Why did you leave that pitiful wretch the legacy?"

"Why?" replied Leonard. "How can a lady of your superior

understanding ask such a question? That was a *coup de maître*, madam. The dear Letitia is now yours again and forever."

"I will never forgive the mean creature; however, I admit it was very cleverly thought of. But you said you had another reason for calling?"

"In the character of the old soldier again," said Leonard; "who, though he serves for glory, requires something more substantial to live on."

"I don't take you," said Mrs. Upjohn; though she understood him well enough to begin to feel uneasy.

"If I was not addressing a lady of your well-known justice and liberality," pursued Leonard, still in his metaphorical vein, "I would say that I came just to give the screw a little turn."

"The screw! What screw? Do talk plain English."

The expression of his eye changed in a moment.

"Well, ma'am, I must have three hundred pounds, and down on the nail. Is that plain English?"

"Why, you yourself had two already," almost screamed Mrs. Upjohn, as if she was literally under the torture of the screw; "and your brother had one just before he joined you in Paris."

This was what Leonard had suspected, but as he had no share in the last extortion, it had no effect in moderating his present demand.

"True," he replied, coolly; "but we can't afford to give 'grandam a kingdom' in return for 'a cherry.' No, ma'am, we must have another three, and even that will be letting you off too easy."

"I wish you may get it," she cried, shaking with anger.

Leonard smiled, but it was a smile as cold as a gleam of sunshine in a snow-storm, and looked as immovable as adamant. She quailed before his inflexible eye, in which not a gleam of pleasantry was left from the moment she told him to speak plain English.

"You refuse, madam?"

"I do, sir, most positively."

"Then, madam, as sure as God's in Gloucester, as soon as I leave this house I follow your excellent husband down to Cornwall."

This was the screw—the endless screw. From the servant who showed him in he had probably got his information as to Mr. Upjohn's movements.

It gave her such a fearful wrench that she yielded so far as to mutter something in the way of a promise.

"We take no promissory notes, ma'am."

"Good God, sir! must I sell my jewels and the clothes off my back?"

"Your financial operations, ma'am, are nothing to us. This evening, at six o'clock, I shall be in the yew-tree walk in Kensington Gardens. I shall expect you there with the cash; if you fail, it will only give me the trouble of visiting the country of the Poles and Pans."

With these words he seized up his tricorn, and, with a formal bow, but never relaxing the sternness of his looks, he was about to depart, when he stopped suddenly and added—

"I forgot, madam, to mention a third reason I had for waiting on you. I have got a valuable hint to give you, but as I can't give it for nothing, perhaps there is no use in saying any thing about it."

"Not the least use, sir," she replied, with uncontrollable irritation, and a stamp to give emphasis to her words.

"As you please, Mrs. Upjohn—its your own affair; but remember my words, a nail is nothing until it is clinched."

Mrs. Upjohn had intended that morning to pay a visit at Highgate with her daughter and a friend, but she had a convenient headache, and they went without her. They were no sooner gone than she ordered her brougham and stepped into it, with a little bundle wrapped up in a shawl. She drove to Wardour Street, where, with heavy heart, she disposed of a quantity of old lace for a hundred pounds less than its value, and from Wardour Street she proceeded to a jeweller's in the city, where she also left behind her, with still more bitter regret, a circlet of emeralds and rubies, which her husband had given her many years before to assuage her grief a little at being outshone, as has been related, by Mrs. Rowley's diamonds.

Between the lace and the jewels, being compelled to dispose of them so precipitately, she was short by fifty pounds of the sum she had to pay.

So complete now was the ascendancy obtained over her by her inexorable tool, and so much had he intimidated her by the manner he adopted at the close of his last visit, that she did not dare to meet him with a farthing short of his demand. To raise the last puff of

wind, there was nothing for it but to throw a pearl necklace, a birthday present from her dear father (the fine old gentleman), into the same gulf that had swallowed her lace and her rubies. She returned to her house for it, and sold it at a small jeweller's at Knightsbridge, on her way to the rendezvous, for only a few pounds more than the sum she required, but possibly, she hoped, for this small surplus, she might coax Mr. Leonard to explain what he meant by clinching the nail.

Poor Mrs. Upjohn! she need not have been in such a hurry to dispose of her ornaments, as we shall see in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARISIAN STREET LIFE.

III.

He who rises late in Paris misses many of its most curious sights. It is in the early morning that those who live by the street are astir and at their work. Neither is their sphere of work confined to the business and plebeian quarters of the town. If you chance to pass, from five to six, along the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, or any of those thoroughfares which, like it, run behind the aristocratic mansions of the Champs-Élysées quarter, you will see every now and then curious-looking, closed carts, with a sort of funnel in the top to admit air, drawn by scraggy-looking horses, and tended by meagre-looking men. These, you observe, are standing at the back gates of the palatial residences, the rears of which abut on the street. If you wait a moment, you will see the owners of the carts receiving from the servants of the house large baskets and boxes of provisions, which are heaped pell-mell into the carts with little regard to their ingredients. They are nothing more nor less than the remains from the aristocratic dinner-tables within. The choice dishes of the prince, or the ambassador, or the prima donna, or the high comedian of the Palais Royal, or Monsieur the Minister, who live side by side in this magnificent quarter, come to this end at last. After the guests have dined off them in the great *salle à manger*, they descend to the kitchens. Here the butlers and cooks, the footmen and errand-boys, make further inroads into them; and what is left the cook regards as his "perquisite," and sells the whole in a jumble to these fellows with the mysterious cart. The lobster *dé la Mayonnaise*, which Monsieur the Count (the famous epicure) pronounced yesterday as faultless, is to-day remorselessly thrown in upon and hopelessly mixed up with the *dinde aux truffes* which made the eyes of the old Ambassadress of Squashenstein glisten with enthusiastic moisture; fruit and roast beef, pies and cucumbers, salmon and chicken fricassee, form one conglomerate mass, sold in a lump for a lump sum, and gradually fill up the cart with a savory but not to the delicate taste very palatable mess. Where does it all go to? In any country but France, you would say at once—to the pigs, the horses, the chickens, the dogs. But in Paris there are thousands who must live as best they can. You see, "beggars cannot be choosers;" and, if one has but a few sous in the world, he must not complain if his slice of roast beef has a suspicion of cucumber in its taste and be buttered at one end by raspberry-preserve interpolated by macaroni. In short, there are certain markets in Paris, whereof the tradesmen are somewhat oddly called "arlequins"—though, wherein they resemble the famous harlequin of the stage, it is hard to guess; these "arlequins" cater exclusively for the lower, indigent classes. The men with the carts, whom we have seen at the back gates of the palaces, are their underlings, gathering their stock for the day. At first, one is at a loss to understand how the "arlequins" have managed to separate the mass, which was deposited in the carts, into that really neat and not untempting arrangement observable in their stalls. It would seem to be a hopeless task to sort and clean a cartful of every thing eatable into a well-ordered division of viands, such as we see in the market. This sorting is one of the—not lost, but little known—Parisian arts. There are odd characters attached to the "arlequins'" establishments; for how, with such a trade, could they be otherwise than odd, whose business it is to sort the contents of the carts, and who perform it with an amazing rapidity and skill? These personages first pick out the best morsels—the titbits and least demolished of the roasts and cutlets—pare and clean them, and so arrange them, on the huge platters of the "arlequins," as to afford to the uninitiated mind the pleasing delusion that they are the component parts of a recently-whole and just-cooked morsel. Of course, this work is not done where it is likely to be seen by a too curious and too easily-dis-

gusted public; the mysterious operation is usually performed in the back-room of some old house in an obscure street, hired by the "arlequins" for this especial purpose. At ten or eleven o'clock—in good season to supply his worthy but somewhat shabby customers' breakfasts—the "arlequin" receives his renovated stock, and sells it with gratifying briskness; often, indeed, being oppressed by the crowd of greedy applicants for his cheap bounty. It is only the presentable fragments, and those which are capable of innocently deceiving, that he exposes for sale in his stalls. There is, the first sorting over, a great mass of conglomerated commodity left to be disposed of; and it is surprising, as well as amusing, to observe to how many uses the morning's cartload is put. Those morsels and pieces—the broken pies and lobsters and small messes—which are not salable to mortals, are now again neatly sorted, divided into various heaps, and put into neat-looking carts. These carts are trundled by boys into the same back streets where the original mass was gathered, and their contents sold to the same households to be used as the daily food of the pet domestic animals. Thus the dog finally gets "the crumbs which fall from his master's table," but in a curiously-roundabout and novel manner; those same crumbs having been first sold by the master's cook as his "perquisite," and then bought back again by the same shrewd individual for at least triple the price first paid for them. But, in the second sorting, all the bones have been carefully separated from the rest; and these form a third source of profit to the "arlequins." The bones are sold, in the first instance, to the manufacturers of meat lozenges; these having finished their peculiar use for them, sell them again to the manufacturers of "animal black," used by the painters—and that, as far as we can discover, is at last the end of them. It is not surprising that many of the "arlequins" derive large profits from their trade, and retire in a few years with a comfortable income. Two of them—brothers—gave up their business several years since, built them two fine villas, side by side, at Neuilly, and you may see, from the car-windows, in what unostentatious luxury they now live. Report gives each of them a rental of three thousand dollars a year. There is another Paris art, somewhat akin to this of the "arlequins." It is that of the class called the "boulangers en vieux"—a fairly untranslatable but most expressive term. They are, in short, second-hand bakers. They employ a number of ragged fellows, to wander everywhere through the city, and, particularly about luncheon-time, in the neighborhood of boys' schools, and to gather every scrap, crust, and lump of bread they can find. It has more than once been a subject of complaint that these dirty *canaille* infest the schools, and, for a trifle, persuade the boys to sell their luncheons, or a part thereof, which their mammas have carefully prepared for them in the morning. With their day's gleanings—which is dirty and inky and mouldy enough—these emissaries return to their employers, receiving, in payment of their services, a sum proportioned to the amount of what they have collected, and their supper from the cart, themselves. The metamorphoses through which these crusts and scraps pass, before they reappear in the regions of barter and sale, are amazing. The choicest of them are separated from the rest, dried in ovens, rasped, and then sold for the making of a certain soup, a favorite with the lower classes, called the "*croûte au pot*." But these bits are also put to another use, the mention of which will hardly be agreeable to the whilom diner at Palais-Royal restaurants. They are cut up into tiny, triangular morsels, fried in butter over a hot fire, and sold to the restaurateurs, who serve them up in that green-pea soup for which there is so exhausting a demand! But it is in Paris, and verdant is the man who expects to be sure of the cleanliness or the honesty of all that he eats in that delectable capital! The choicer morsels thus disposed of, all the rest of the day's gleanings—once known as bread—is put into a large mortar and pulverized, and then sold—this, also, to the restaurants—becoming now the fashionable "chapelure blanche," which one thinks so delightful when sprinkled over his cutlets, giving them a rich and crisp taste, and being quite indispensable. The same "chapelure blanche" may be observed sprinkled on the hams, tongues, sausages, and so on, which you see in the windows of the little shops where articles of that kind are exclusively sold. But, after that part of the pulverized crusts which is fit for this purpose has been taken away, there yet remains in the mortar a powder too fine for "chapelure blanche." This is cooked in the oven until it is black, then mixed with the thick, yellow French honey, and, some essence being added, is sold as an unfailing remedy for toothache, more popular with the Parisian poor than the most elaborate professional prescriptions.

An article on the street sights and street denizens of Paris would be, indeed, incomplete, were I to omit one of the most characteristic of all street professions—that of the boot-black. The French are particular to foppishness in their boots, and are therefore munificent patrons of those whose trade it is to give them a bright, particular shine. There is certainly nowhere a boot-black who can bear comparison with the Paris boot-black. He is, like all Parisians, a thorough and trained artist. To give just the right brilliancy, just the grace-fullest reflected ray, to a boot, is the object of his study, the end of his ambition, the delight of his soul. Your Paris boot-black is no ragged urchin—no charity-school boy with a red patch on his arm. He is invariably a full-grown man—almost always a neatly-dressed, iron-gray-haired, even quiet and respectable looking person. If, when you find yourself on the quays bordering the Seine, you will look at either end of the beautiful bridges which connect newer Paris with the *Cité* and the *Quartier de la Luxembourg*, you will not fail to observe groups of these men busily employed in their trade. You can hardly fail to be struck by their neat, quiet, respectful air, the evident zest with which they work, and the well-to-do, self-satisfied expression of most of the faces. What vices or misfortunes have brought them to this humble strait, is a question which, on seeing them, at once arises in your mind, and which, perhaps, could you elicit answers, would only be satisfied by a series of melancholy, romantic, and startling tales of real life. I have heard of one whose only son and daughter were living in luxury at the West End, at the very moment he was picking up stray sous by kneeling and adorning the feet of every varlet who could and would command so slight a service. Son and daughter both married to money-bags, in order to "make their market," having exhausted the father's moderate fortune: he, penniless, now refused admittance to their urban palaces, wearing his life away, more miserable and to be pitied for his *thoughts* than for the humility of the petty profession by which he earned existence. It is useless to dwell on such sad tales; they are old—were old when Balzac reopened the hidden abominations of Paris society; yet are ever new, repeating themselves many times in each succeeding year. But, whether by vice or by misfortune—the treachery of friends, the vacillation of commerce, or the temptations of necessity—these boot-blacks have become what they are, certain it is that, in their present art, they are generally inimitable, and are withal above the average intelligence for their condition. Some of them are very talkative, and will rattle on as they polish, their tongues and their brushes running a doubtful race together. There was one cheerful, communicative old man, bent almost double, whose few straggling hairs were white as snow, and who, for all these reasons, had a very thriving custom. His stand was on the north corner of the Pont-Neuf—which, by-the-way, has been called the "New Bridge" these five hundred years or more—and there, for aught I know, he is stationed still. He told me that he had been a boot-black for more than forty years—had polished the boots of the gentry who gave allegiance to the Bourbon Charles X. His gains, he said, averaged six francs a day; sometimes (on *fête* days, for instance) they were fifteen; there had been memorable days when they had reached twenty. He had laid by quite enough to support him comfortably the rest of his days; but the *esprit de corps* was still rampant within him, and he and his profession had so grown together that he could not possibly live without it. How he had saved was clear when he told me how he and his comrades lived. Half a dozen of them lodged together in a single room in Faubourg St. Antoine—cost to each, a franc and a half a week—six cots in a row; they were never there, except to sleep, so it did not matter much. For his meals he resorted to one of those small working-men's *cafés* which are mostly situated in cellars, in by-streets; there he got for a few sous a breakfast of bread, sausage, and ordinary wine. Toward noon, he would leave his little box and brushes in the care of a *confrère*, descend to the lower terrace of the quay bordering directly on the river, and, composing himself in a corner, would lie down upon the bare, hot flagging, and have as comfortable a nap as if he were half smothered with feathers. Waking, he would repair to his dinner—consisting, perhaps, of boiled meat, cabbage, potatoes, bread, and the inevitable white *vin ordinaire*.

The "table-talker" of *Once a Week* not long ago gave his readers a very pleasant chat about those quaint characters, familiar to every one who has ever sojourned long in Paris, who sell various cakes and pastries in the streets, and who, by the oddity of their ways or the popularity of their wares, have become public personages, and, as the

saying is, "institutions." The Place de la Concorde—that most magnificent of squares west of the Orient, grand in its adornments, most melancholy in its memories, for there Marie Antoinette, and Madame Roland, and great Danton, were beheaded by "Mère Guillotine"—the Place de la Concorde is the great gathering-place of these curious folk—mostly sharp-visaged, witch-like, bearded old women, with horrible, grinning faces, bright eyes, and rattling, witty tongues, pertinacious but cheerful, and, though uglier than the Egyptian profiles on the obelisk, hard to be resisted. The "table-talker" recalls one in particular, whose nickname and features are remembered by men not yet past their prime. A famous old woman was this "la belle Madeleine"—this "beautiful" Madeleine—with the most hideous phiz that mortal man ever shrunk from. She sold cakes called "gâteaux de Nanterre," especially esteemed by the mothers of infantile families, said infants being very fond of them. While belle Madeleine was there, she had a monopoly of the trade in this article, and used to hobble from one side of the Place to the other, shrieking, in a terrible voice, this strain:

"Achetez les gâteaux
A la belle Madeleine!
Achetez les gâteaux—
Ils sont beaux, ils sont chauds!"

When poor old Madeleine of the libellous epithet passed away, the "gâteaux de Nanterre" died with her; then came "les biscuits de Savoie," and "beignets de Lyon." The latter were sold principally by a jolly old fellow, who received the appellation of *Père Coupe Toujours*, and who announced himself by a pair of loud castanettes. Yet another famous street character, noted by the "table-talker," was *Papa la Pêche*, who was a sort of perpetual Santa Claus to the gamin-dom of Paris. He it was who bethought: him of the brilliant idea of gingerbread-blocks, interspersed with great white-looking halves of nuts. *Papa la Pêche* is still at his trade, and the most popular man of the infantile lower ten-thousand in Paris. He, too, is a right jovial, kindly old fellow, with a good heart, as may be known by this account of him: "He assembles a concourse of that infantile rag-tag-and-bobtail, usually attracted by the gratuitous in any shape, arranges them in a double arch around him, and proceeds, with all the gravity and serenity of an archbishop, to whirl around their heads a long cord, to which is attached a monster hunch of gingerbread. The happy laughter, the baby cries, the innocent railery, are something refreshing to hear." The well-known cake of the *Gymnase* is another very vendible article in the Paris streets; and the time has not long been passed when the students of the *Quartier Luxembourg* were wont to repair to a little bakery in the Rue Dauphine, where one Cretenne dispensed a delicious little butter-cake, unapproachable by any of his rivals. The butter-cakes are gone; but the students still flock to the little shop, toward eleven o'clock at night, for a glass of rich, creamy milk, and a hot roll. Among the most popular commodities of this sort, sold in the streets, are the "gâteaux Gorenflot," which, according to our genial "table-talker," had a distinguished origin. It was invented, he says, by a coterie of student epicures of the *Collège Bourbon*; and in the invention the son of Guizot the historian and statesman—now a professor in the *Collège de France*—and Taine, the philosophical historian, claim a share. A neighboring pastry-cook was furnished with a recipe; it proved a success, and the triumphant inventors, who had recently been held spell-bound by Dumas's just-published "*La Dame de Monsoreau*," christened the product "Gorenflot," in honor of their favorite character in that romance.

TRIAL BY CAYMANS.

ORDEAL, that is to say, the application of personal tests for determining guilt or innocence, dates from the remotest antiquity. It was even enjoined under the Jewish dispensation in the case of a woman accused of incontinence, as may be read in the fifth chapter of the Book of Numbers: she was to be made to drink a potion of "bitter water," and was to be judged according to the effect that it produced upon her. There is reason to believe also that this method of purgation was not unknown to the ancient Greeks. Sophocles, in his "*Antigone*," puts into the mouth of a suspected individual a declaration of his willingness to handle hot iron and to walk over fire, by way of disproving a charge against him. That the system was common throughout Europe, during what are termed the middle ages,

is a fact with which all readers are familiar. Plunging the arm into boiling water, threading a way through red-hot ploughshares, sudden immersion in a deep stream, with sinking or swimming at issue, and various other painful processes applied to this end, are common in historic annals and in works of fiction pretending to set forth the manners of those days. It might be interesting to speculate as to when, and how far, the original idea of appealing to the direct judgment of Heaven came to be mixed up with the workings of superstition, priestcraft, cruelty, and despotism; but such is not the purport here in view. It is simply to show that this custom still survives, and to narrate a singular illustration of its fearful character, that was witnessed less than fifty years ago.

It was in the Island of Madagascar, a locality, it may be observed, that is to the last degree a strange one, so far as regards its distinctive features in religion, social habits, and political institutions. Coincident with the exercise of unlimited power by the magistrates or judges, who are themselves appointed by an irresponsible sovereign, there prevails a rude sense of justice, precisely as the absolutism of this hereditary chief of the state is tempered by tradition of popular rights. But the ordeal is of frequent occurrence; and that by *cangena*, or by the drinking of poisoned water, is mostly in vogue. A Belgian, travelling or resident on the island in 1824, tells, however, the little story that follows, whence it seems that other means for deciding upon condemnation or acquittal are sometimes practised:

On reaching Mitasand, in the interior, he found the inhabitants waiting with impatience the rise of a full moon, deemed the auspicious time for submitting a doubtful case to the judgment of "the unknown god whom they ignorantly worship." When the moon came up, it lighted, with the intense lustre common in the tropics, the assembled natives and the group of judges. The spot, whereon they were gathered together, was in a marshy plain; and near it was seen running a broad river, noted for the many caymans that infest its waters. These hideous reptiles, not differing from the crocodiles or alligators of other countries, are not only numerous, but of great size, measuring occasionally twenty feet in length, and of such fierceness that they sometimes attack and upset canoes. Their destined prey in this instance—for it appeared that the victim's doom could not be doubtful—was an extremely beautiful girl of fifteen, whom a relative, at once jealous and covetous, had accused of too intimate relations with a young male slave. Intercourse of this sort is a crime of the highest turpitude among the Malagasy, especially in the caste of Ionac-Anis, of which the girl was a member. Her father, dead some years previously, had been a rich and potent chief in a mountain district; and his heritage was desired by the accuser. The proceedings were short and summary. The eldest of the judges ordered Racar—thus the girl was named—to seat herself in the midst of them, that she might take part in the trial, and hear her sentence pronounced. The accuser then brought forward his charge. Adjured to confess her crime, Racar stoutly denied it, and declared in firm voice that the caymans should decide upon the question of her guilt or innocence. Thereupon, the judges, having formally put this sentence into words, delivered over the hapless maiden to the *ambiacke*, who performs the double duty of medicine-man and executioner. Nor was there any delay on the part of this detestable functionary. He took Racar by the hand, and led her forthwith to the bank of the river. There, standing at the water's edge, he called solemnly upon the caymans to devour her, if she had done the shameful deed, or to spare her, if she had been wrongfully accused. The girl herself, uncomplaining and unresisting, turned round to her female companions who had followed her, thanked them with fulness of heart, and begged one of them to give her a bit of ribbon, so that she might tie up her long flowing tresses to prevent them impeding her sight at need. This done, she took off her clothes, laid them quietly down on the brink of the water, and then leaped lightly into it. One might have thought that the caymans knew of her coming. It was horrible to see a shoal of them in immediate pursuit of her. She swam with incredible swiftness, and in a short space of time was opposite to an islet, overgrown with canes, the favorite resort of these terrific creatures. This was the appointed place for the most trying part of the test; but the intrepid girl showed no signs of fear or hesitation. Three times, in obedience to the cruel decree, did she dive beneath the water, remaining on each occasion so long below the surface, that the agonized spectator concluded all was over. But it was happily ordained otherwise. At length, and at the end of

minutes that seemed interminable, she swam ashore, and landed safe and sound. Throwing herself at the feet of the judges, she was hailed as innocent, amid the acclamations of the multitude; and her base calumniator, who ought to have been put to the same proof himself, was condemned to pay her very heavy pecuniary damages. The amount indeed was so considerable, that it exceeded the whole value of the wretched man's herds and slaves. But the generosity of Racar was no less conspicuous than her courage; and few Christians could have matched this heathen girl in either of these noble qualities. She declined to profit by the rights awarded her; and went her way with her rejoicing friends, leaving her vile relative to actual shame and possible remorse. Is not the heroine's conduct, throughout, a silver lining to a dark cloud of superstition?

THE BONNY BROWN HAND.

I.

O H, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down!
And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow!
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so brown!
For household toil hath worn away its rosy-tinted snow;

But I fold it, wife, the nearer,
And I feel, my love, 'tis dearer
Than all dear things of earth,
As I watch the pensive gloaming,
And my wild thoughts cease from roaming,

And bird-like furl their pinions close beside our peaceful hearth:
Then rest your little hand in mine, while twilight shimmers down—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny brown—
The hand that holds an honest heart, and rules a happy hearth.

II.

Oh, merrily, how merrily, our children's voices rise!
And cheerily, how cheerily, their tiny footsteps fall!
But, hand, you must not stir awhile, for there our nestling lies,
Snug in the cradle at your side, the loveliest far of all;

And she looks so arch and airy,
So softly pure a fairy—
She scarce seems bound to earth;
And her dimpled mouth keeps smiling,
As at some child-fay's beguiling,

Who flies from Ariel realms to light her slumbers on the hearth.
Ha, little hand, you yearn to move, and smooth the bright locks
down!

But, little hand—but, trembling hand—but, hand of bonny brown,
Stay, stay with me!—she will not flee, our birdling on the hearth.

III.

Oh, fittingly, how fittingly, the parlor-shadows thrill,
As wittingly, half wittingly, they seem to pulse and pass!
And solemn sounds are on the wind that sweeps the haunted hill,
And murmurs of a ghostly breath from out the grave-yard grass.

Let me feel your glowing fingers
In a clasp that warms and lingers
With the full, fond love of earth,
Till the joy of love's completeness
In this flush of fireside sweetness

Shall brim out hearts with spirit-wine, outpoured beside the hearth.
So steal your little hand in mine, while twilight falters down—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny brown—
The hand which points the path to heaven, yet makes a heaven of
earth.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE PROBLEMS OF METEORS AND OF COMETS.

I.

THE SHOWERS OF SHOOTING-STARS.

THE small, fleet guests of the firmament, the *ignes fatui* of the stars, commonly called meteors, we intend to introduce here in their true character, and their now explored wonderful significance will well repay the reader for following us into the far domains of the heavens. The comets, also, will be described, whose problematic nature has been successfully studied in modern times. The two astonishing celestial phenomena, which the superstition of former ages considered as messengers from Heaven, foreboding calamities and as promising the fulfilment of secret wishes of the heart, are very closely related, and the discovery of this relationship by the researches of the most recent time has disclosed to the spirit of man new and glorious vistas into the most distant worlds, as well as into the remotest periods of the past.

Now and then in starlit nights of every season we see isolated luminous bodies flying through the vaults of heaven. Darting arrow-like across an arc of varying length, and disappearing as quickly and wonderfully as they come, they look like stars, torn by some invisible hand from their place among the stationary lights of the firmament. Their flight is often so rapid, that the course they describe leaves upon the eye only the impression of a luminous line; often again they traverse their path slowly enough to appear as a rising or falling star, that carries from one celestial sphere bright greetings to others. But sometimes they not only impress the eye as a stripe of light, but leave in reality a luminous trace behind, which flies after them like a trail, and remains visible after the star itself has disappeared.

Much rarer than these well-known phenomena is the appearance of fireballs, which, shining brightly, traverse a part of the firmament, but appear sometimes at one point only, like a rocket, and explode with a crash like thunder or the rattling of distant cannon-shot. At such times flaming fragments often fall to the earth from giddy heights, and in several cases such pieces have been found even after they had penetrated ten or fifteen feet into the earth. Occasionally they have been found so shortly after their fall as to be still glowing and burning. A closer examination of these missives—called *meteorolites*—from distant spheres revealed that they consist of stony masses, which externally appear as if glazed in fire. Having been diligently collected, their structure and chemical composition have been carefully studied. The result of these investigations has brought to light the remarkable fact that they are composed only of elements found frequently and extensively on our planet, chiefly of iron, nickel, cobalt, manganese, chrome, copper, arsenic, zinc, potash, soda, quartz, phosphorus, sulphur, and carbon. Rare or entirely new elements—altogether unknown to us—have not yet been traced in these missives from heaven.

The relationship of the fireballs with the shooting-stars was long ago asserted by astronomers and physicists. The very small *aérolites*, hardly reaching the size of a pea, which are sometimes found, are considered with as good reason to have been sent forth from a shooting-star as the larger meteorolites to have been projected from fireballs; and the men of science have concluded therefrom that both phenomena, fireballs and shooting-stars, differ in their appearance alone and not in character. The nearer and larger shooting-stars appear to us as fireballs, the smaller and more distant fireballs dart across the heavens as shooting-stars.

The point whence such luminous bodies proceed, and the region in which they disappear, differ very much in the various isolated phenomena that are perceptible in almost every starlit night; they are noticed in all regions of the firmament and in all zones. Their appearance being as sudden as short in duration, it was, up to a very recent time, almost impossible so make a systematic observation of them. Only occasionally has it happened that one and the same conspicuous shooting-star or fireball has been simultaneously observed from two different localities, thereby affording an opportunity to measure its distance from the earth, and to establish the fact that the interesting phenomenon, which appeared to the naked eye to be in the remotest spaces of the world of fixed stars, is in reality confined to the atmosphere of our own planet, and at most only seventy miles distant.

Since the beginning of the present century, however, the observa-

tion was made that in certain nights of the year these meteors make their appearance not only very frequently and sometimes in immense showers, but also that they emerge regularly from the same region of the firmament, and scatter, as from a common centre, in all directions.

This being the fact, opportunity was now afforded to study more closely, by means of diligent observations, measurements, and calculations, the mysterious nature of these phenomena. One of these favorable epochs happens between the 9th and 11th of August of each year; the second has occurred repeatedly in several years, and with extraordinary brilliancy, in the nights of the 11th and 14th of November. But many years have elapsed during which no remarkable phenomena of this description have been visible in the latter month. In order to acquaint our readers with the wonderful results which searching science has achieved in this domain, it is necessary first to arrange the meteoric phenomena in a chronological order.

The isolated shooting-stars which are seen in almost all clear nights, darting in the most various directions, we call sporadic; they will but briefly engage our attention, and chiefly for the purpose of pointing out the splendid results gained from these phenomena, that apparently deride all our attempts to reduce them to a regular system.

The meteors appearing in the August showers are called systematic. They come, as already mentioned, only from one and the same region of the heavens, and present themselves as a regularly-returning annual phenomenon, whose nature has been completely solved in recent times. The shooting-stars which make their appearance in November are not seen regularly every year, but about every thirty-three years, and then several years in succession, and in far larger showers than those occurring in August. The November shower proceeds from one and the same region of the firmament, but is not at all related to that of August; after the former have been observed for three or four successive years, about thirty years elapse without showing any trace of them; then the phenomenon becomes visible again, to disappear as mysteriously as it has come. What are these luminous wanderers in the heavens? Whence do they come, and whither do they go? The reply to these questions, in the light of the scientific researches of the most recent times, shall be one of the chief objects of this essay.

THE SPORADIC SHOOTING-STARS.

We must first, for a little while, turn our attention to the so-called irregular or sporadic meteors, and shall afterward be able to speak with a better comprehension of the systematic showers, among which thus far only that of August, and that occurring every thirty-three years, in November, are reckoned. Whether the so-called sporadic meteors, which shoot irregularly in almost all nights of the year across the heavens, will not finally also prove to be systematic, will be later seen. We may suspect that it is so, when we consider that many natural phenomena have been looked upon as irregular, until their laws were recognized, and their definite, positive nature comprehended. No pains and diligence have been spared heretofore to trace the rules and laws of the sporadic shooting-stars, but, as the region whence they came and whither they went could not be disclosed, astronomers have at least attempted to arrange statistically the periods of their appearance.

A respectable French *savant*, Coulvier-Gravier, has, after observations made by himself and others, extending through many years, completed a careful table of the number of sporadic shooting-stars in every hour of the night. This, however, like many other statistical works, furnished a new and apparently a very complicated problem instead of a solution. It proved only that these wanderers above, as observed and computed from year to year, become more numerous as the former advances, and augment regularly toward the morning. If we consider the mean duration of the night—in summer and winter—to be from six in the evening till six in the morning, the statistics of Coulvier-Gravier furnish the following rather astonishing results: In the evening hours between six and seven, half a dozen meteors on an average appear in the heavens; after ten o'clock, they increase to eight; toward midnight, to ten; at one o'clock, the flying company reaches the number of twelve; at three o'clock, of sixteen or seventeen; at four o'clock they grow more rare, their average number amounting then to about fourteen, and at six o'clock they hardly exceed a dozen.

How can we solve this singular problem?

Our computation of hours, as well as the alternation of day and night, originates, as is well known, from the revolution of the earth around its axis. Now, why does this revolution, why do the hours of

our clocks and watches affect the shooting-stars, if they are distant celestial bodies, or are they indeed no dwellers in heavenly spheres, but merely luminous emanations from our own atmosphere? Do their numbers rise and fall with the changing temperature of the atmosphere during the hours of the advancing night? Why, then, if such be the case, are no essential differences perceptible in summer and winter nights?

We see Coulvier-Gravier's statistics have only increased the difficulty instead of solving it, and indeed the inferences drawn from it have led far from the truth.

In the latter part of 1866, however, the astronomer Schiaparelli, of Milan, published a work which shed not only light upon this problem, but also cleared up the wonderful phenomenon of all meteors, of the sporadic as well as of the systematic. We shall have much to say of the splendid efforts of that man, for to him belongs the glory of having opened a new path to the temple of science—a path which has since, with wonderful celerity and success, been further extended by the brilliant researches of many other *savants*. If severe astronomical science still hesitates at this moment to proclaim to the world this young acquisition as a perfect and absolute truth, this hesitancy only proves her highly-laudable conscientiousness. We, who are only her heralds, are the more proud of our mistress, the more she adorns herself with modesty; we announce now, without hesitation, the glorious triumph, because we perceive how quickly and wonderfully the first kindling of truth has spread light and knowledge from all sides. This harmony of the most brilliant successes, in which French, English, and especially German *savants* participated, is to us a full guarantee that the path of these investigations does not lead astray. But we must pursue step by step the rigidly-scientific investigations of the master Schiaparelli. To follow into his mathematical calculations with that acuteness which demonstrates that the shooting-stars are perfectly regular, and more exact in the period of their appearance and disappearance, than the observation or rather computation of Coulvier-Gravier, would be a too unreasonable demand of our readers; they must content themselves with the assurance that not only the computation of the average hourly number, but also the minutest calculations in regard to their differences in the various seasons and places of observation, are perfectly correct. We can state here, and answer the questions relating to the subject only in their most general outlines; but, if the kind readers will aid us with a little reflection—and reflection is the only remedy against a thousand errors of our own and of all times—we shall not only be readily comprehended, but able to afford them a fruitful hour.

WHY IS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF METEORS SEEN TOWARD MORNING?

We are now to answer the question, why the average number of shooting-stars is three times greater in the morning than in the evening hours. The ingenious answer of Schiaparelli, translated from the language of science into the parlance of common life, is as follows:

These sporadic shooting-stars fly, as we have seen, in all directions. As many move from the left to the right as from the right to the left, as many from above downward as apparently from below upward, as many from forward backward as from backward forward. The direction in which they move has consequently no influence upon the solution of our problem. But if the direction of their movements does not concern us, we may leave the latter entirely out of our consideration, and just as well imagine that the little bodies of the shooting-stars have no motion of their own, but float spontaneously in the upper spheres.

We must, however, not forget that the mighty globe in its course around the sun moves with immense speed through space; it runs in a second over eighteen miles, and that is indeed a very wonderful velocity. How does it affect the shooting-stars that lie in its path?

The revolution of the earth exerts upon them a like influence to that of a cannon-ball in its flight through a harmless swarm of gnats. The anterior surface of the ball will be covered thickly with dead gnats, the posterior surface will leave a gap behind in the swarm and do no harm whatsoever. But a more careful examination will show that the dead insects are not equally distributed upon the anterior surface. The foremost point of the ball which strikes the swarm directly and most forcibly will be most densely covered with gnats, and present almost an accumulation of them in the form of a hill; from this point they will be more sparsely distributed, and the further removed from it, the less will be their number. The law of distribution

upon the various circles and spaces of the ball can scientifically be demonstrated in the most exquisite manner, but slight reflection explains these differences also to those who are without any knowledge of mathematics.

If our globe were to pass through the spaces peopled by shooting-stars, quite as straight as the cannon-ball does through the swarm of gnats, it would be easy indeed to show that the *débris* of shooting-stars, which are called *meteorolites*, must collect upon its *foremost* point, while being more sparsely distributed upon the other parts. But the calculation is not quite so simple. In the first place, the earth possesses a power of attraction which the cannon-ball has but in a very slight degree, and although it tears with its foremost point a deep gap in the space peopled with shooting-stars, its posterior surface also, by means of its inherent attraction, seizes upon those little meteors and draws them into its sphere. Secondly, the foremost point of the constantly-moving earth is not an absolute one.

While the globe rushes forward nearly nineteen miles every second, it revolves at the same time around its axis, which points steeply toward the course it takes. By this revolution of the earth the so-called *foremost* point changes continually and remains the same not for one single moment—it moves on the equator every second, onward about fourteen hundred and forty-two feet from east to west, and within twenty-four hours each point upon the circumference of the greatest circle of the globe has the honor of being for a moment the *foremost*. Geographically no single *positive* point exists thus on the globe, that can claim the proud distinction of being constantly foremost, and yet within this eternal change an approximate solution of the problem can be afforded.

Let us keep in mind that the sun is nearly in the centre of the earth's orbit (the path in which the earth moves), and gives light to the hemisphere directed toward it, while night reigns upon that turned from it; let us further consider that the revolution of the globe constantly takes place in such a manner that the point of the earth where noon now shines, hastens to the "evening point," lying far behind in its course, and that the point where the midnight now reigns hastens to the "morning point," which lies before it in its course, and we will at once understand that at each moment the "morning point" is the foremost, while the "evening point" is necessarily the hindmost. As we know already that the foremost point intercepts most of the shooting-stars which float in the heavens, and, as we have also satisfied ourselves that the point of the globe where the morning is just dawning is always the most advanced in the revolution, it is very easy to comprehend why in the early morning hours many more meteors are seen than in the evening.

A diligent observer, who has looked throughout the night from evening till morning for shooting-stars, and has hourly noted their number, must not wonder if he perceives that they increase steadily until the hour of daybreak. He stood in the evening at the *hindmost* point of the earth's orbit where the meteors must be rare; but unperceived he was carried on and on by the constantly-revolving globe, and finds himself in the early morning upon the relatively *foremost* point, when naturally the number of the meteors grows much larger. Were it not that the hours of the morning become lighter and lighter, and at last altogether prevent the observation of shooting-stars, the largest number of them would be visible almost exactly at the moment of the rising of the sun.

This is the glorious solution of the problem, for which we are indebted to the ingenious thinker Schiaparelli. To those who are well versed in mathematical geography we need hardly say why we must content ourselves with these superficial observations. We consider it utterly impossible to demonstrate in popular language all the variations which the obliquity of the ecliptic, the eccentricity of the globe's revolution in its orbit, the difference of the seasons and of the latitude of the points of observation, exert upon the exact solution of our problem, but which Schiaparelli's work has considered with a precision and elegance truly admirable. He it is chiefly who has traced the laws of the so-called sporadic meteors, and of their appearance and frequency in the various hours of the night, and who has enabled us to follow him on in the path of his brilliant researches, which are directed chiefly upon the systematic phenomenon of the *August shower*—researches that open luminous vistas, radiating far, high, and deep, into the world's spaces, and into the epochs of creation, and decay.

We leave now the sporadic meteors, and pass to another subject, which lies apparently far remote. But we will, in passing, notice the

fact that a few months after the time when the work of Schiaparelli was published and known, a great number of shooting-stars, that had heretofore been looked upon as sporadic, were raised to the character of systematic, and the prospect is steadily increasing that, at no very remote day, the problem of those meteors which dart singly across the heavens will also be satisfactorily solved, and the questions: "Whence come these luminous messengers? whither do they go? what are they doing in our atmosphere? what fate carries them into the path of our planet? and what destiny awaits them?" will be fully answered.

SKETCH OF DR. FARADAY.

IN his book on the heroic phases of human character, Mr. Carlyle has pictured to us the hero as king, the hero as prophet, the hero as priest, and the hero as poet, but strangely enough he has omitted that type which is at once the latest and the noblest—the hero as man of science. The gap is obvious, but yet, after all, it may not be surprising that Mr. Carlyle failed to fill it. It is he, we believe, who has somewhere remarked that the eye sees only that which it brings with it the power of seeing; but if we are thus to go behind the visual machine to get at its potentialities, it might be added that the power of seeing certain things blinds to the perception of others. We are not entitled to expect, therefore, that a mind which has maundered away into a drivelling worship of brute force, and which exhales its choicest admiration at the apotheosis of bullyism, should be without insight for that finer heroism which, renouncing all that the world most prizes, consecrates itself with the fervor of religious devotion to the simple discovery of truth.

There are heroisms which Mr. Carlyle has failed to discern—heroisms which are unattended with the parade of banners and the thunder of public applause. There is a courage of a more invincible temper than that which dares the chances of war; it is the courage of the solitary soul fighting out a lifelong battle with the fortified prejudices of mankind. There is a triumph more noble than that of the victorious commander; it is the conquest over the subtle and powerful temptations to error which assault the reason from within and from without. There is a policy of human amelioration which dwarfs to pettiness the tactics of statesmanship; it is the illumination of the course of humanity by a knowledge of the true order of the world. There is a faith to which the wrangling credist is a stranger; it is a steadfast trust in the unaccomplished—a living faith in the presence of the Divine Unseen, and a yearning to penetrate still deeper into the mystery of its wonderful ways. Only the purblind and the prejudiced will fail to recognize that science has its elements of heroism. To see a human soul struggling with the shadowy and changing forms of intellectual perplexity; rising regenerated from failure, gathering new strength from difficulty, accepting the universe as the grand problem committed to it by the Creator, and entering with calm, invincible determination upon the august research—is not this also Godlike! While the politician and the warrior win the applause of the capricious multitude, and the renown which pertains to transient events, the scientific discoverer, laboring in silence and solitude, and often unhonored by his generation, masters the secrets of power that shall work benign revolutions in the world for long ages after he has passed away. Nor is the history of discovery without its tragic passages also. The pioneers of science have not only had to contend with the innate difficulties of inquiry, but with the folly, prejudice, and fierce intolerance of their times; many of them were hunted as outlaws and fugitives, or imprisoned and tortured as jugglers in league with Satan, so that the lives of some of the most gifted benefactors of mankind may be summed up in this sad formula: "He thought, he spoke, he suffered!"

The subject of the present sketch, although no martyr, was not without the elements of true heroism. We shall not here attempt to give an account of his extensive scientific labors, but content ourselves with presenting a few traits of the man, gleaned from the late admirable work of Professor Tyndall, who thoroughly knew and appreciated him.*

MICHAEL FARADAY was born in 1791. He was of humble parentage, and when thirteen years old was apprenticed to a London bookbinder,

and worked nine years at the business. In a letter to De la Rive, the electrician, speaking of his early occupation of binding books, he said: "It was in those books, in the hours after work, that I found the beginning of my philosophy. There were two that especially helped me, the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' from which I gained my first notions of electricity, and Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Chemistry,' which gave me my foundation in that science. Do not suppose that I was a very deep thinker, or was marked as a precocious person. I was a very lively, imaginative person, and could believe in the 'Arabian Nights' as easily as in the 'Encyclopedia.' But facts were important to me, and saved me. I could trust a fact, and always cross-examined an assertion. So when I questioned Mrs. Marcet's book by such little experiments as I could find means to perform, and found it true to the facts as I could understand them, I felt that I had got hold of an anchor in chemical knowledge, and clung fast to it."

Dissatisfied with his vocation, Mr. Faraday resolved to devote himself to science, and applied to Sir Humphrey Davy for the position of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. The appointment was given him, and he entered upon its duties in 1813. Sir Humphrey Davy, in advising with Mr. Pepys and the managers of the Institution, said: "Pepys, what am I to do? Here is a letter from a young man named Faraday; he has been attending my lectures, and wants me to give him employment at the Royal Institution—what can I do?" "Do?" replied Pepys, "put him to wash bottles; if he is good for any thing, he will do it directly; if he refuses, he is good for nothing." "No, no," replied Davy; "we must try him with something better than that." The result was, that Davy engaged him to assist in the laboratory at weekly wages, but he was put in charge of it from the first. He now began to think and to work—to form new and independent views concerning natural phenomena and to subject them to the rigorous tests of experimental investigation. Three years after the regular commencement of his scientific studies he published his first original paper in the journal of the Institution. From this time forward, for a period of over forty years, Dr. Faraday labored assiduously in the field of research, and gave to the world, perhaps, the most brilliant series of experimental elucidations and discoveries which any single mind has ever made. He worked both in the field of chemistry and physics, and the bare enumeration of his investigations in the departments of chemistry, electricity, magnetism, light, and in the relations and interactions of the natural forces, would alone fill the space of our JOURNAL.

But in all his career, when courted by the great, and when his name was pronounced with reverence throughout the civilized world, Dr. Faraday retained the pure simplicity of his character, and was never ashamed of the early circumstances of his life. This is admirably illustrated by an incident which is thus related by Professor Tyndall:

"Twelve or thirteen years ago Mr. Faraday and myself quitted the Institution one evening together, to pay a visit in Baker Street. He took my arm at the door, and, pressing it to his side in his warm, genial way, said, 'Come, Tyndall, I will now show you something that will interest you.' We walked northward, passed the house of Mr. Babbage, which drew forth a reference to the famous evening parties once assembled there. We reached Blandford Street, and after a little looking about, he paused before a stationer's shop, and then went in. On entering the shop, his usual animation seemed doubled; he looked rapidly at every thing it contained. To the left on entering was a door, through which he looked down into a little room, with a window in front facing Blandford Street. Drawing me toward him, he said eagerly, 'Look there, Tyndall, that was my working-place. I bound books in that little nook.' A respectable-looking woman stood behind the counter: his conversation with me was too low to be heard by her, and he now turned to the counter to buy some cards as an excuse for our being there. He asked the woman her name—her predecessor's name—his predecessor's name. 'That won't do,' he said, with good-humored impatience; who was his predecessor?' 'Mr. Riebau,' she replied, and immediately added, as if suddenly recollecting herself, 'He, sir, was the master of Sir Charles Faraday.' 'Nonsense!' he responded, 'there is no such person.' Great was her delight when I told her the name of her visitor; but she assured me that as soon as she saw him running about the shop, she felt—though she did not know why—that it must be 'Sir Charles Faraday.'"

One of the traits of Faraday's character is thus finely brought out by Tyndall: "He gave an account of his discovery of magneto-electricity in a letter to his friend M. Hachette, of Paris, who communicated

* "Faraday as a Discoverer." By John Tyndall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

the letter to the Academy of Sciences. The letter was translated and published; and immediately afterward two distinguished Italian philosophers took up the subject, made numerous experiments, and published their results before the complete memoirs of Faraday had met the public eye. This evidently irritated him. He reprinted the paper of the learned Italians in the *Philosophical Magazine*, accompanied by sharp critical notes from himself. He also wrote a letter dated December 1, 1832, to Gay Lussac, who was then one of the editors of the *Annales de Chimie*, in which he analyzed the results of the Italian philosophers, pointing out their errors, and defending himself from what he regarded as imputations on his character. The style of this

letter is unexceptionable, for Faraday could not write otherwise than as a gentleman; but the letter shows that had he willed it he could have hit hard. We have heard much of Faraday's gentleness and sweetness and tenderness. It is all true, but it is very incomplete. You cannot resolve a powerful nature into these elements, and Faraday's character would have been less admirable than it was had it not embraced forces and tendencies to which the silky adjectives 'gentle' and 'tender' would by no means apply. Underneath his sweetness and gentleness was the heat of a volcano. He was a man of excitable and fiery nature; but through high self-discipline he had converted the fire into a central glow and motive power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion. 'He

that is slow to anger,' saith the sage, 'is greater than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.' Faraday was not slow to anger, but he completely ruled his own spirit, and thus, though he took no cities, he captivated all hearts."

In 1832, Professor Faraday collected some of his papers and others together in a small octavo volume, of which he says:

"Some, I think, are good; others moderate; and some bad. But I have put *all* into the volume, because of the utility they have been of to me—and none more than the bad—in pointing out to me in future, or rather, after-times, the faults it became me to watch and to avoid.

"As I never looked over one of my papers a year after it was written without believing both in philosophy and manner it could have been much better done, I still hope the collection may be of great use to me."

"None more than the bad!" This is a bit of Faraday's innermost nature; and as I read these words I am almost constrained to retract what I have said regarding the fire and excitability of his character. But is he not all the more admirable, through his ability to tone down and subdue that fire and that excitability, so as to render himself able to write thus as a little child? I once took the liberty of censuring the conclusion of a letter of his to the Dean of St. Paul's. He subscribed himself "humbly yours," and I objected to the adverb. "Well, but, Tyndall," he said, "I am humble; and still it would be a great mistake to think that I am not also proud." This duality ran through his character. A democrat in his defiance of all authority which un-

fairly limited his freedom of thought, and still ready to stoop in reverence to all that was really worthy of reverence, in the customs of the world or the characters of men.

"While once conversing with Faraday on science, in its relations to commerce and litigation, he said to me that, at a certain period of his career, he was forced definitely to ask himself, and finally to decide, whether he should make wealth or science the pursuit of his life. He could not serve both masters, and he was therefore compelled to choose between them. After the discovery of magnetoelectricity, his fame was so noised abroad, that the commercial world would hardly have considered any remuneration too high for the aid of abilities like his. Even before he became so famous, he had done a little 'pro-

fessional business.' This was the phrase he applied to his purely commercial work. His friend Richard Phillips, for example, had induced him to undertake a number of analyses, which produced, in the year 1830, an addition to his income of more than a thousand pounds, and, in 1831, a still greater addition. He had only to will it to raise, in 1832, his professional business income to five thousand pounds a year. Indeed, this is a wholly insufficient estimate of what he might, with ease, have realized annually during the last thirty years of his life.

"While restudying the *Experimental Researches* with reference to the present memoir, the conversation with Faraday here alluded to came to my recollection, and I sought to ascertain the period when the question, 'wealth or science,' had presented itself with such em-



PROFESSOR MICHAEL FARADAY.

phasis to his mind. I fixed upon the year 1831 or 1832, and, on my own responsibility, I will state the result: In 1832, his professional business income, instead of rising to five thousand pounds or more, fell from one thousand and ninety pounds four shillings to one hundred and fifty-five pounds nine shillings. From this it fell with slight oscillations to ninety-two pounds in 1837, and to zero in 1838. From the end of 1845 to the day of his death, Faraday's annual professional business income was exactly zero. Taking the duration of his life into account, this son of a blacksmith and apprentice to a bookbinder had to decide between a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds on the one side, and his undowered science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years.

"The outward and visible signs of fame were also of less account to him than to most men. He had been loaded with scientific honors from all parts of the world. Without, I imagine, a dissentient voice, he was regarded as the prince of the physical investigators of the present age. The highest scientific position in this country he had, however, never filled. When the late Lord Wrottesley resigned the presidency of the Royal Society, a deputation from the council waited upon Faraday, to urge him to accept the president's chair. All that argument or friendly persuasion could do was done to induce him to yield to the wishes of the council, which was also the unanimous wish of scientific men; but he firmly resisted the appeal.

"One of the most prominent of Faraday's qualities was his sense of order, which ran like a luminous beam through all the transactions of his life. The most entangled and complicated matters fell into harmony in his hands. His mode of keeping accounts excited the admiration of the managing board of this institution. And his science was similarly ordered. In his 'Experimental Researches,' he numbered every paragraph, and welded their various parts together by incessant reference. His private notes of the 'Experimental Researches,' which are happily preserved, are similarly numbered; their last paragraph bears the figure 16,041. His working qualities, moreover, showed the tenacity of the Teuton. His nature was impulse, but there was a force behind the impulse which did not permit it to retreat. If in his warm moments he formed a resolution, in his cool ones he made that resolution good. Thus his fire was that of a solid combustible, not that of a gas, which blazes suddenly, and dies as suddenly away.

"He prized the love and sympathy of men—prized it almost more than the renown which his science brought him. Nearly a dozen years ago, it fell to my lot to write a review of his 'Experimental Researches' for the *Philosophical Magazine*. After he had read it, he took me by the hand, and said, 'Tyndall, the sweetest reward of my work is the sympathy and good-will which it has caused to flow in upon me from all quarters of the world.' Among his letters I find little sparks of kindness, precious to no one but myself, but more precious to me than all. He would peep into the laboratory when he thought me weary, and take me up-stairs with him to rest. And, if I happened to be absent, he would leave a little note for me, couched in this or some other similar form: 'Dear Tyndall, I was looking for you, because we were at tea—we have not yet done—will you come up?' I frequently shared his early dinner—almost always, in fact, while my lectures were going on. There was no trace of asceticism in his nature. He preferred the meat and wine of life to his locusts and wild honey. Never once during an intimacy of fifteen years did he mention religion to me, save when I drew him on to the subject. He then spoke to me without hesitation or reluctance; not with any apparent desire to 'improve the occasion,' but to give me such information as I sought. He believed the human heart to be swayed by a power to which science or logic opened no approach; and, right or wrong, this faith, held in perfect tolerance of the faiths of others, strengthened and beautified his life.

"In the year 1835, Sir Robert Peel wished to offer Faraday a pension; but that great statesman quitted office before he was able to realize his wish. The minister who founded these pensions intended them, I believe, to be marks of honor which even proud men might accept without compromise of independence. When, however, the intimation first reached Faraday, in an unofficial way, he wrote a letter, announcing his determination to decline the pension, and stating that he was quite competent to earn his livelihood himself. That letter still exists; but it was never sent, Faraday's repugnance having been overruled by his friends. When Lord Melbourne came into office, he

desired to see Faraday; and, probably in utter ignorance of the man—for, unhappily for them and us, ministers of state in England are only too often ignorant of great Englishmen—his lordship said something that must have deeply displeased his visitor. The whole circumstances were once communicated to me; but I have forgotten the details. The term 'humbug,' I think, was incautiously employed by his lordship, and other expressions were used of a similar kind. Faraday quitted the minister with his own resolves, and that evening he left his card and a short and decisive note at the residence of Lord Melbourne, stating that he had manifestly mistaken his lordship's intention of honoring science in his person, and declining to have any thing whatever to do with the proposed pension. The good-humored nobleman at first considered the matter a capital joke; but he was afterward led to look at it more seriously. An excellent lady, who was a friend both to Faraday and the minister, tried to arrange matters between them; but she found Faraday very difficult to move from the position he had assumed. After many fruitless efforts, she at length begged of him to state what he would require of Lord Melbourne to induce him to change his mind. He replied, 'I should require from his lordship what I have no right or reason to expect that he would grant—a written apology for the words he permitted himself to use to me.' The required apology came, frank and full, creditable, I thought, alike to the prime minister and the philosopher.

"It was my wish and aspiration to play the part of Schiller to this Goethe; and he was at times so strong and joyful—his body so active, and his intellect so clear—as to suggest to me the thought that he, like Goethe, would see the younger man laid low. Destiny ruled otherwise, and now he is but a memory to us all. Surely, no memory could be more beautiful. He was equally rich in mind and heart. The fairest traits of a character sketched by Paul found in him perfect illustration. For he was 'blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, apt to teach, not given to filthy lucre.' He had not a trace of worldly ambition; he declared his duty to his sovereign by going to the levee once a year; but beyond this he never sought contact with the great. The life of his spirit and of his intellect was so full, that the things which men most strive after were absolutely indifferent to him. 'Give me health and a day,' says the brave Emerson, 'and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.' In an eminent degree Faraday could say the same. What, to him, was the splendor of a palace compared with a thunder-storm upon Brighton Downs?—what among all the appliances of royalty to compare with the setting sun? I refer to a thunder-storm and a sunset, because these things excited a kind of ecstasy in his mind, and to a mind open to such ecstasy the pomps and pleasures of the world are usually of small account. Nature, not education, rendered Faraday strong and refined. A favorite experiment of his own was representative of himself. He loved to show that water, in crystallizing, excluded all foreign ingredients, however intimately they might be mixed with it. Out of acids, alkalis, or saline solutions, the crystal came sweet and pure. By some such natural process in the formation of this man, beauty and nobleness coalesced, to the exclusion of every thing vulgar and low. He did not learn his gentleness in the world, for he withdrew himself from its culture; and still this land of England contained no truer gentleman than he. Not half his greatness was incorporated in his science, for science could not reveal the bravery and delicacy of his heart.

"But it is time that I should end these weak words, and lay my poor garland on the grave of this

'Just and faithful knight of God.'"

JEAN LÉON GÉROME.

GÉROME is the most successful, and perhaps the most learned, of living French painters. Not yet an old man, he has reached the culmination of his powers, and has harvested all the honors that France yields to artistic talent. He has interested the mind of a people of social writers and historians more than any painter that has ever lived; and, among the artists of any generation, it would be difficult to find a more scrupulous and exact draughtsman, a more elaborate and scientific picture-maker. His is an example of a scientific mind supplemented with the dramatic sense; and he has the executive talent of a thoroughly-trained eye and hand. He lacks the sense of color, and the generous touch of a great painter; he lacks the tenderness of a poet; he is, however, an artist of consummate skill and uncommon

gifts; he is remarkable for his critical researches and constructive genius in the domain of history; he fails to command the tribute of tears, which only the masters of our hearts can summon at will. Gérôme is master of the human intellect, but not of the human heart—Millet, the peasant-painter, reigns over the last.

The narrative of the historian, the story of the traveller, the fifth act of a French romantic play, are not more interesting, more enchaining, than the pictures Gérôme has painted during the last twenty years. To-day, criticism is very well instructed concerning the merits and defects of his work. If we were writing for the French public, it would be difficult to say any thing that has not been said about Gérôme; but his genius is far from being an exhausted theme on this side of the Atlantic. The first indisputable fact concerning Gérôme is, that he is a scrupulous artist in practice; the second, that he is an intensely dramatic artist in his conceptions. A thorough examination of his works would lead us to the statement of the divergence of modern from ancient art, and exhibit the most striking characteristics of the modern mind. Edmond About says his great renown commenced with the "adorable picture of young Greeks exciting a combat of cocks," which was painted in 1845 or '46. It has been well said of Gérôme that he recommences to work for glory every morning, and counts as nothing the works he has already made—hence his indefatigable and varied studies; hence he has never contented himself with pictures of one epoch and people, like Meissonier, but has gone from Greek boys to herdsmen of the desert, from Louis XI. to Rembrandt, from Rembrandt to the *bal de Copéras*, from the Bois de Boulogne to the Danube. But the most direct way to inform you of the range and character of Gérôme's work as an artist is, to enumerate the titles of his famous pictures—and almost every picture he has painted is celebrated.

One of his earliest pictures represented "a Madonna that out-Raphael Raphael in self-conscious maidenliness and repose." Since 1847, he has successively exhibited the following named pictures: "Anacreon and Love drunk;" "A Greek Interior;" "Souvenir of Italy;" "Priestum;" "An Idyl;" "Study of a Dog;" "A Keeper of the Herd;" "The Age of Augustus and the Birth of Christ;" "After the Masked Ball;" "Memnon and Sesostris;" "The Comedians;" "The Two Augurs;" and "the frieze of the vase commemorative of the London Exhibition, ordered by the minister of state for the manufactory of sévres." Better known is his "Death of Cæsar;" his "Roman Amphitheatre in the Time of Vitellius;" his "Dancing-girl, l'Almée;" his "Turkish Butcher." Equally celebrated is his "Phryne before the Tribunal;" his "Socrates seeking Alcibiades at the House of Aspasia;" his portrait of "Rachel as the Genius of Tragedy;" his "Cleopatra before Cæsar."

But enumerating the titles of Gérôme's paintings does little toward furnishing the mind with an adequate conception of the extraordinary completeness and instructiveness of his varied works. We are not now speaking of the artistic enjoyment to be derived from the actual pictures—they are poorer in the pleasure which is given by color and ideal beauty than the works of any great artist—we are speaking of the social and historical instruction which they give to the mind; we are saying that no pictures have ever contained more of the truth of past or distant life, that no pictures were ever more satisfactorily illustrative of history and travel. Assuredly, Gérôme is no ordinary man. Far from being a poet, far from having the vivid sense of life and nature—which charms us, and liberates us from distressing or common things—of the simple painter or poet, he yet has that striking talent of conceiving a dramatic situation, and that fine and intense and incisive expression, which have won for the French the first place among skilful narrators, consummate actors, and irresistible declaimers.

Without being absolutely the first painter who ever studied to place his figures in the precise natural or architectural scene of the actual men and women of the particular epoch he proposed to illustrate, Gérôme, advancing beyond every thing suggested by, or realized in, the works of his master Delaroche, or in the works of Ingres, may be said to be the artist, of all others, who is most complete, most novel, most studied, in realizing, in actualizing, the very *place* of his drama. No general truth of form, no merely representative object as an accessory to his dramatic figures, contented him; he labored to give a complete representation of the aspect of a Greek or a Roman interior. In other words, he went from particular to particular, and in art he shows the triumph of *logic*. No painter has ever been more

logical in his system, more logical in his work, than Gérôme; no painter has ever more persistently applied the logic of his mind to the whole scale of his study of ancient life. The logic of Gérôme's work is flawless. The limitation of the illustrious artist is in the feeling with which he may be said to *envisage* his subject; his defect is want of warmth, want of imagination, want of sympathy, but never lack of research for and care in the use of his materials.

Most of Gérôme's pictures have been the theme of descriptive eulogiums, and the painter has been censured by moralists and idealists. His cold and studied nudités; his premeditated sensualities, like "L'Almée;" his awful tragedies, like "The Roman Senate-Chamber and the Death of Cæsar," like "The Duel after the Masked Ball;" his mockery, as in "The Two Augurs;" his vulgarization and modernization of the august men of the Areopagus—so classic in the form, so modern in the sentiment with which the painter represents the judges contemplating the divine beauty of the nude Phryne—these have been the witness of his power as a dramatist, his science as an artist, his exclusive respect for fact, his indifference to the moralities of feeble people, his insensibility to the liberal and glowing art of more simple painters.

Théophile Gautier, who is chiefly of value to be quoted for his descriptive phrases about pictures, speaking of the wonderful background of the picture representing Socrates seeking Alcibiades at the house of Aspasia, says that it represents an *atrium* ornamented with that antique elegance so well known by the artist; that it is a complete restoration, in all the force of the word; that the figures are vigorously detached from the polychrome architecture, which is so gay and luminous that one might almost say it is a little too rich.

Gérôme's system is irreproachable. He never draws from the depth of his moral consciousness. He always relies upon the facts which have survived the actual life of antiquity. He makes a precise study of a Greek or Roman bust, of the objects and utensils of the civic and festive life of the ancients. He neglects no detail, and never contents himself with a generalization or a mere suggestion; he always aims to realize. He has the talent of being perfectly submissive before any object; he never takes fire; he never expands with his subject. But, more equal in his representation than the photograph, and as dispassionate, he depicts the obvious and actual. Any one familiar with the museums of Paris, Rome, or Naples, and likewise familiar with Gérôme's pictures, must have remarked how carefully, how thoroughly, the great French artist has gleaned among the bronze and earthen and marble and ivory and gold relics of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

But, to conclude: Gérôme was born at Vesoul, France, May 11, 1824. In 1841, he entered the studio of Delaroche, and studied at the École des Beaux Arts; in 1844, he accompanied Delaroche to Italy. He returned in '44, and exhibited for the first time in the *salon* of '47. In '53, he went to Turkey and to the shores of the Danube, and later he visited Lower Egypt. In '68, he made a second voyage to the East. He has been made chevalier of the Legion of Honor; he has received all the gold medals, and in '67 was one of the five French painters who received the grand medal.

Gossip from Paris informs us that he is "husband to the daughter of a great picture-merchant; while the bullet of another woman's jealous husband, remaining in his arm, attests the sincerity of his experiments in both of his principal *genres*"—to wit, the tragic and the unconventional. Properly speaking, this is the business of no one, except the persons directly concerned in it. But we all feel more or less a Boswellian interest in famous men; neither the sanctities of the tomb nor the reserve and delicacy of the living are protected from the jackals of criticism and the inquisition of the guardians of public morals; most of us would show a more lively interest in a painter's habits and transgressions than in the most conscientious, close, and vital examination of his artistic character and works. Such readers will be pleased to know that Gérôme lives like a prince with the taste of an artist. His house in Paris is as much a work of art as his pictures; it is furnished with the same sober, elegant, precise, and instructed taste as a Greek interior; at the same time, it is enriched with objects from the East. The interior is austere and elegant; it has nothing dazzling or ostentatious, nothing prodigal, but every thing that a neat and learned and thoroughly-disciplined taste could wish—a taste that finds the objects of its admiration among Greeks, Arabs, and Turks, and ignores every thing of the Gothic, and every thing of the age of Louis XIV. Gérôme is one of the few great

artists of the world whose mind has been disciplined like a soldier's—that is to say, his naturally exact intellect has been trained to act, and his hand to express, every thing with precision, directness, and singleness of aim. He conquers a subject as a general invests a city. He cares for every thing, calculates every thing, and does nothing by instinct or by inspiration.

NOTHING WASTED.

IN some respects we Americans are the most wasteful people on the face of the earth. Food enough is ruined by vile cookery or thrown away unconsumed, to support a good-sized colony of Frenchmen. In the article of dress there is frightful extravagance, and no fashionable person thinks of continuing to wear a piece of clothing until it is worn out. An immense amount of excellent paper and good ink is wasted in the production of books, some of which no one ought to read, and many of which it is impossible to read without a painful effort.

But, in the processes of manufacture, nothing is wasted. No manufacturing concern can compete with others engaged in the production of similar goods, except upon the condition of careful economy in the use of raw material, and an equally careful saving of all the odds and ends pertaining to the work in hand.

A short time ago the manufacturers of lighting-gas were puzzled to know how to dispose of the villainous coal-tar left in the retorts. It defiled the air and corrupted the waters. A more useless, nauseous substance was hardly known to exist. Chemistry came to the rescue, and to-day not less than thirty-six marketable articles are produced from this black, vile, sticky slime—solvents, oils, salts, colors, flavors. You eat a bit of delicious confectionery, happily unconscious that the exquisite taste which you enjoy so keenly comes from coal-tar—you buy at the druggists' a tiny phial of what is labelled "Otto of Rose," little dreaming that the delicate perfume is wafted, not from "the fields of Araby," but the nasty gas-retort.

A few years since it was thought to be the perfection of economy to saw sticks of mahogany and rosewood into thin veneerings; to-day, the loss incurred by this process is ruinous, because half of the timber is lost in saw-dust. By using a machine that shaves off the slice, none of the material is wasted, and the saving on a single log of rosewood is said to amount to not less in some cases than six hundred dollars.

No person engaged in making jewelry can thrive, unless he exercises the greatest care in protecting the precious metal that he handles from the slightest waste. The water in which the workmen wash must be preserved, and the sediment made to yield back the minute atoms of gold that are deposited; they must not be allowed to wear pomatum or adorn their flowing locks with bear's-grease, because of a trick they have of running their auriferous fingers through their hair; and the windows of the establishment must kept closed, as far as possible, to save the precious dust floating in the air from blowing away. A large manufacturer of Attleboro jewelry once told the writer that he probably lost more gold by the wind than he put upon his stock. In Wickford, R. I., the floor of a jewelry establishment was taken up and burned in a furnace for the sake of collecting the dust that had settled in the cracks.

It is quite suggestive to glance at the bales of fibrous conglomerate used in shoddy-mills, and study the varied contents as they lie spread out for purification in the fields. It seems impossible that such a heterogeneous mass of shreds, patches, strings, rags, and wool-dust, can ever be made to reappear in the form of any thing like cloth. Strange grasses sometimes get mixed with this compound, and if it so happens that the seeds are not exterminated, funny results are likely to ensue. After exposure to the rain and the sunshine, the manufactured goods have been known actually to sprout into life; an awkward thing it would be for one's overcoat on a damp day to creep out between the shoulders into a verdant sward! And what a marvellous variety of waste matter enters into the composition of paper! Near Bergen, in Europe, there is a church of the Corinthian order, and large enough to accommodate a thousand persons, constructed of papier-mache. If the pulp of which that edifice is built should become vocal, what strange things it might tell! If all the good and all the bad, all the serious and all the absurd words that were once inscribed on the fibre of that church should appear again, what sermons would be preached there! If I worshipped in that paper structure, I should imagine all

the while that I heard the rustling of old letters, written by hands that are now spectral, and the rattling of silken banners that once floated proudly on the breeze, and the low sighing of mothers over the frayed garments that used to clothe the little one who wears no mortal vestment now. I should fancy that I saw floating in the air ancient tomes, modern journals, weary biographies, loud-toned orations, high-strung poems, cloudy philosophies, and rejected articles, all bringing up at last in the iron mill and ground down together into a common pulp.

A somewhat weird affair, that paper church near Bergen.

TABLE-TALK.

THE London *Saturday Review* has given one of the most searching and yet appreciative reviews of Hugo's "Man Who Laughs" it has, we think, yet received. Attributing the failure of the work to obtain that complete hold upon the author's countrymen, which his other works have done, to the locality of the drama, which failed to carry the sympathies or to pique the curiosity of Frenchmen, it asserts that "never, perhaps, has M. Hugo's fertility of invention, his power of dramatic effect, or his wealth of sparkling and epigrammatic diction, been more characteristically displayed than in the composition of 'L'Homme Qui Rit.'" The trips and blunders of the author in details familiar to English readers have exposed him to the mercy of detractors, who have been too occupied with superficial points of weakness to estimate with fairness the real strength and massiveness of the work. There is no writer, the Reviewer informs us, whom it would be more unfair to judge by an insular standard, and never, for good or ill, has Victor Hugo been more emphatically himself than in this fiction. "Never were his flights of fancy bolder or more extravagant. Never was his defiance of things, as they either are or have been, louder or more uncompromising. Never has he swept with wilder or more daring hands the chords of human passion." After an analysis of the character of Lady Josiane, and reference to the existence of the *Compeches*, which the Reviewer supports as historically true, he proceeds as follows:

"The conception which has supplied M. Hugo with a central figure and a title for his book is undoubtedly bold and novel. No previous character of his can well compare for strange and startling effect with that of Gwynplaine. The comic and the tragic alternate or mingle in this frightful living mask. It is not, however, the purely artistic effect that we are called upon most to admire in this remarkable effort of his genius. M. Hugo always writes, we know, as a philosopher. A profound moral underlies all his works. As a critic of society, he is prophet and cynic at once. He rebukes with Elijah and mocks with Diogenes. A bitter irony tempers the wrath where-with he confronts the idol of caste. To the idle laugh of aristocracy at the sorrows and miseries of the poor, he here opposes an echo in the horrid laughter of its mutilated victim. In the wonderful passage in which Gwynplaine speaks to the House of Lords, the author rises to the moral climax of his plot. In the dithyrambic language which belongs to him he delivers himself of his last Sibylline utterance, the *mea mea felix* of rank and privilege. 'With the earnestness of the effort Gwynplaine was able to control for a while the horrible expression of his face.' An effect was even produced upon the languid or supercilious Chamber. But their day of grace was gone. Their momentary surprise or tenderness explodes itself in roars of brutal laughter. The noble heart, mocked and degraded by the stigma of a visage which does but mask or caricature its real self, feels condemned to the isolation and the silence of a living tomb. An exile from humanity, a monument of man's cruelty, selfish sport, and godless tampering with Nature's laws, what place remains for the branded wretch among the favorites of fortune, or the idlers and parasites of society—what place even in a world which not all the foulness and depraved cunning of man can rid of symmetry and beauty? Not even the fertile imagination that could bring upon the stage the image of Gwynplaine could find for him any other exit than suicide.

"M. Hugo's fancy never shows itself so effective as in contrasts. The beautiful with him woos the horrible. Idle wealth and sated luxury court the poverty and squalor of the serf. The unapproachable duchess burns to mix the royal lebor with the puddle of the poor mountebank. . . . The double element in Josiane comes out in fiercest prominence in the glowing passage where her passion reaches its crisis. An unforeseen hand intervenes between the siren and her victim. Gwynplaine retains, no thanks to the like power of will on his part, the virtue of Joseph. Josiane goes forth from the perilous bath-room such still as she describes herself in her *abandon*—the 'vestal-harlot,' outwardly unsmiled as the snow, within foul with all manner of villainess. The shock of finding in Gwynplaine the object to whom she is to be tied by legal bonds turns at the instant all her desire into loathing. As strong, yet wide as the poles in purity and sweetness, is the contrast offered by the angelic figure of Dea. Over the tempests of passion, hatred, and sin, she hovers like the dove from the ark. To the monstrous hideousness of Gwynplaine, her beauty is as the revelation of another kind of being. To be at one, these creatures, seemingly opposed as earth and heaven, must have the earthly and fleshly veil removed. That veil, which to all else hides the face of Gwynplaine as with a bestial mark, is for Dea withdrawn.

She is sightless, and sees with the keener, truer vision of the soul. Snatched when an infant, by the hand of the boy, from the breast of her dead mother in the fatal snow-drift, Dea has grown to feel a woman's love blend with her sense of grateful trust in the man's strong arm and ardent will. The oncast and butt of the mob is to her the ideal of manly form. His voice, his step, his presence, are those of a god. In the queer travelling company, in the eccentric theatre on wheels, the 'Green-Box,' in the singular drama, *Chaos valacu*, in which she is the informing, harmonizing spirit, Dea feels all her world centre in Gwynplaine, while she is in turn heaven and all things heavenly to him. She is the guardian angel who keeps the animal nature in Gwynplaine true and pure. The thought of her breaks the spell which the presence of Josiane at the Green-Box, and her seductive note, first cast around him. Through the whirl of thought and desire which follows his strange rise to rank and wealth, the blind girl's image forms a beacon of safety. And when, his love baffling the arts that have torn them asunder, he comes once more upon her track, only to hold the dying girl in his arms, he feels his spirit summoned to follow hers where the wrong of man will be undone, where the disfigured image of God will return to its archetype, and where the scorn and horror flung upon the oncast of mankind shall be lost in the peace and bliss of a pure and disembodied life."

— A London journal, which is popularly supposed, in England, to possess an accurate and intimate knowledge of American matters, publishes, by one of its correspondents, the following description of an American girl:

"This is the country where women first agitated for their rights, although what right an American young lady does not already possess I am at a loss to conceive. When she marries she commits a species of social suicide, but before that 'happy dispatch' she has every thing pretty much her own way. Her father pays for her Parisian toilets without repining, her mother is her humble servant. From the age of ten to the day of her marriage she indulges in one long flirtation, although the object of it frequently changes. She neither reads, nor works, nor walks; her whole existence is passed in flirting, dressing, driving, and dancing. Her life at a watering-place is, I should imagine, somewhat a monotonous one, although she seems thoroughly to enjoy it. She gets up at about ten o'clock, and after a breakfast which would give a London drayman an indigestion, she flirts on a veranda until two o'clock, when she dresses; at three she dines, after dinner she goes out driving with some favorite swain; when she returns she dresses again for tea, and from eight to twelve o'clock she dances. To all intents and purposes she is without a *chaperon*, but she is well able to take care of herself. Occasionally, but rarely, she marries for love, but, as a general rule, she knows to a dollar what every admirer has, and aspires to a house in Fifth Avenue, a carriage, and to be arrayed in silks and fine linen. 'I had an offer from a man with twenty thousand dollars a year and a growing business,' said an ethereal being of sixteen to me, 'but I shall fill out more in a year or two, when I think I can do better.'"

This description will strike the reader as one which lies like the truth. It is, in fact, so nearly true in all its statements, that its general falsity is difficult to define or point out. Misrepresentation is clearly one of the fine arts. The trick consists in gathering into a picture a number of indisputable facts, but, by an adroit arrangement, or manner of statement, the general grouping is made to produce an exaggerated effect upon the mind. Another method, especially where national or local characteristics are to be described, is to unite in a particular individual all the features and specialties of a number of persons, thereby rendering the specimen, according to one standard, accurately representative, and which may yet be very far from presenting a correct portraiture, or true picture.

— The Hudson River possesses for the traveller signal attractions, apart from its noble scenery. It is one of the busiest highways of the world, and often presents a picture of almost unrivalled animation. The variety of craft that float upon its surface is very notable. From mammoth floating cathedrals, as those huge steamers like the *St. John* and *Dean Richmond* have been called, cutting their way swiftly but with a grand and majestic air, to snorting, impudent, little tugs; from ships-of-the-line (at points below the Highlands) to the lumbering, picturesque Dutch sloop; from glancing yachts and sail-boats, to ponderous, slow, many-sided flotillas of barges and canal-boats, a brilliant and animating variety is constantly presented. The flotillas, we believe, are a special feature of this river; and, if among the slowest of the moving bodies on its surface, they are certainly the most picturesque. These vast masses usually consist of a great number of barges, canal-boats, and rafts, in tow of a small steamer, and laden with vast heaps of merchandise from the West and North. All the great products of the West that come through the Erie Canal float down the river in this fashion to the New-York wharves, thence to be distributed to all the quarters of the globe. In

our cartoon, which will be found accompanying this number of the *JOURNAL*, the scene selected by the artist is among the Highlands. To the right of the picture three of the flotillas referred to may be noticed. The noble hills, the white sails, the swiftly-gliding steamer, the slow flotillas, all make up an effective scene very characteristic of our "noble Hudson."

— Miss Florence Nightingale has made a suggestion in reference to the punishment of criminals that is worthy of attention. "It always appears," she says, "the greatest *non sequitur* to give, for instance, to a forger five years' penal servitude—that is, provision and lodging in prison. What has that to do with his crime? But, if you sentence him to repay, say twice the amount he has stolen, his sentence to be repaid, meanwhile, to the state out of his earnings, and let him go whenever he has done so, that would be something like a reformatory." There are novelty and good sense in this suggestion, but such a plan would be sure to meet with opposition from a large class, who already oppose convict labor as bringing wares into market in unfavorable competition with honest labor, these being under the impression that it would be cheaper for society to support convicts in idleness than that they should earn their own living. So far as the culprit is concerned, most of the penalties imposed for crime are very meaningless. It is claimed that they act as warnings for others, and thus become the protectors of society. But it is no protection to society to incarcerate its criminals for definite periods, and then to empty them out, intensified in iniquity, the sworn enemy of the peace, excluded from all avenues of employment, with no other hope, or aim, or means of existence, than to renew their occupation as public plunderers. Miss Nightingale's plan establishes a method of just restitution, and would be reformatory, there can be no doubt, in its effect.

— In the Women's Parliament, recently held in this city, one of the members advanced the novel doctrine "that the duties of a wife in her household should be considered as worthy of pecuniary compensation from her husband, as any other work performed for him." Of course, if such a thing should come to pass, the husband would be justified in charging the wife board and her full proportion of all other expenses. She must not only purchase her wardrobe out of her salary, but she must stand her share in concert and opera tickets, in carriage-fares and summer-excursion expenses, in parties and balls, and, in fact, in all "extras." Then the wife must accept the position with all the conditions that pertain to a salaried place. She must admit competition from those who would underbid her, and she must concede the right of her husband to discharge her if she does not perform her duties to his satisfaction. Women sometimes bitterly complain that husbands degrade their wives into housekeepers, but here we have a lady deliberately proposing (and calling it reform, too!) that married women should formally constitute themselves as upper servants, directing the affairs of the family, and assuming the education and rearing of their children all for pay. This is certainly a new woman's right.

— A correspondent sends us an account of an amusing discussion which he claims to have overheard at Central Park. For the historical foundation of the incident we do not vouch, but our readers, no doubt, share with us the opinion that it ought to be true, even if it isn't:

"SIR: I report, for those whom it may concern, the following interesting dialogue, overheard in a shady bower in Central Park on one of those balmy days (poetical style) of the month of July last past. The subject was a philological one, and the argument ran as followeth: 'Now, Mary, I can assure you that, when I say the story has already been printed, I mean it has been published. It's all the same.' 'Not a bit of it now, Arthur; the two words are quite different.' 'How do you make that out?' 'Why, it's quite plain: for instance, you may print a kiss on my lips, but you should not publish it!' Arthur's logic fell to the ground at once by that superior argument, and he immediately imprinted a kiss on the lips of the sweet girl (I did not see her, I only heard, but they are all sweet); but, unfortunately for the stability of Mary's thesis, I overheard the detonation, and do here publish it, to the eternal confusion of the fair one alluded to, and who will doubtless, as she reads, recognize herself in the above."

— It seems singular that, in discussing the various plans suggested for convenient travel from one end of Manhattan Island to the other, so little thought is given to the simplest of all. We refer to the establishment of ferry-boats on the North and East Rivers, which

should run every five, ten, or fifteen minutes, between the Battery and Harlem, stopping at various convenient points for cross transit. Lines of omnibuses might connect from river to river, wherever car-lines do not exist, carrying the multitudes of passengers that would inevitably take this means of transportation, and which could be afforded at three cents per passenger. Boats of a like character are run on the Thames at one penny sterling, and some carry passengers, for short distances, for a half-penny, equal to one cent of our money.

— Sea-bathing is an untimely topic at this season, but we cannot refrain from referring to a suggestion made by the London *Lancet*, in the hope that it may be remembered and applied by those in charge next season. This is, to follow the example set at Biarritz and other French sea-towns, in providing a little hot water for the feet of the bathers when they come from the surf. This simple expedient, the *Lancet* informs us, will prevent the chilliness and tendency to take cold experienced by so many persons after a sea-bath. This is just one of those numerous little things that contribute in France so much to the comfort of people, and which in our ruder civilization are disregarded.

Foreign Scientific Notes.

M. PONSARD has endeavored to replace the blast-furnace in the manufacture of cast iron by a more simple, convenient, and economical apparatus, capable of extracting from iron-ore a more or less carburized metal, with a great saving of fuel. He asserts that he has attained his object by separating, in the treatment of iron-ores, the chemical agent of coal from the caloric agent of coal. He explains the process as follows: he places upon the sole of a gas-furnace, in which, as is well known, enormous degrees of temperature may be maintained, a series of vertical crucibles, twenty centimetres (about seven and three-quarter inches) in diameter, and one metre (or one yard and three inches) in height; these crucibles, pierced in their lower part, are composed of an extremely refractory matter; they traverse the vault of the furnace, and their upper extremity, by which they receive the ore, is thus exposed to the free action of the air. Into each of these tube-crucibles, a mixture is poured, composed of ore, flux, and coal, the latter body, however, only a sufficient quantity to provoke chemical reaction (*viz.*, about twelve per cent.), that is, to deoxidize the ore and carburate the metal. The temperature of the furnace being gradually raised to the proper degree, and the ore being subjected to the process of M. Ponsard, produces one ton of cast iron of excellent quality, which issues freely from the tap-hole connected with the crucibles. After an interval of twelve hours, the process is repeated, and another ton of metal is run off. According to the description of this apparatus, the operation, being continuous, may be carried on for an indefinite period with the same results. As regards the saving of fuel, M. Ponsard says that, with his process, and by means of high degrees of temperature, the reduction of the ore, the fusion and carburization of the metal, can be obtained by expending only one ton of coals per ton of cast iron. As the blast-furnace consumes three tons of coals in the production of the same quantity of cast iron (*viz.*, one ton), M. Ponsard asserts that the saving effected in coals alone, without speaking of numerous other advantages, will be sufficient to secure the general adoption of his process within a very short period.

The attention of medical men in Paris has recently been directed to a new remedy for burns, discovered accidentally by a workman. A varnisher of metals lately got his hand severely burned while at work, and, not knowing what to do to deaden the acute pain, thrust his hand into a pot of varnish. The pain ceased, as if by enchantment; on the day following, he made a further application of his discovery, and, in a few days, a new skin was formed over the burn, and the hand recovered its wonted flexibility. All the persons burned in his neighborhood came to get their wounds dressed, received the simple treatment, and went home rejoicing. After the terrible gunpowder explosion at Metz last month, the varnisher was summoned to the hospital to do his best for the victims of that calamity, whose lives were despaired of on account of the gravity of their burns. He varnished and cured them all in such a short space of time that the town of Metz was filled with stories of his success. The news of his wonderful cures reached Paris, the manager of one of the largest hospitals here sent for him, and, desirous of testing the accuracy of the reports, intrusted him with two patients who were dangerously burned. He covered them over with his varnish, leaving a spot upon each untouched, to be treated with nitrate of silver (the usual remedy) by the chief doctor of the establishment. The wounds so covered with varnish healed rapidly, while those treated with nitrate of silver, in spite of all the doctor's efforts, did not close

up. The services of the varnisher were again called upon, who accordingly applied his remedy to the spots which the nitrate of silver was powerless to heal. The two patients obtained almost instant relief, and, after a short detention, left the hospital completely cured, thus once more establishing the superlative excellence of his remedy for such cases.

We all remember that vexed question laid, two years ago, before the Paris Academy of Science, concerning vaccination, and the object of which was to ascertain which of the two processes is the more efficacious, that from arm to arm, or that effected by the introduction, in every case, of the virus direct from the animal. Well, no decision has as yet been arrived at. The contending armies face each other in the field, each is ably and skilfully commanded, and each defends valorously the theory it sustains. "The vaccine has been deteriorated by successive transmission, and, besides, vaccination from arm to arm may communicate serious maladies unknown in the animal species," says one side. "The efficacy of Jennerian vaccination has been confirmed by the observations of three-quarters of a century; let us hold to it, and recur to the other system for the purpose of experimenting only," replies the other. It would be at once out of our sphere, and beyond our knowledge, to decide which of the two systems is to be preferred; but *either* is better than *neither*, and we rejoice to see that, especially in our own country, the importance of vaccinating children is at last regarded as a sacred duty by the enlightened classes. We have but to hope that, ere long, the masses, too, will become fully aware of the dangers incurred by its omission, and careful in its constant and effectual application.

M. Portail has invented an ingenious machine for the use of well-diggers, which will go far to render the trade less perilous, especially in broken, honey-combed ground. The machine is composed of a crane, with a set of pulleys and windlasses, by which a single man can easily let himself down and lift himself up again; he can examine the well at any particular spot, and accelerate or moderate his ascent or descent without danger. In the event of the top of the well collapsing, there is a tube provided, along with the cordage, in connection with a ventilator, sufficient to sustain life until succor should reach the victims.

M. Weiskopf succeeds in coppering and bronzing cast-iron objects by first cleaning them in a solution of chlorhydric acid and nitrate of copper, and then covering them with a mixture of ten parts nitrate of copper, ten parts chloride of copper, and eighty parts of chlorhydric acid at fifteen degrees Beaumé. Afterward, they must be washed in pure water. To obtain the appearance of bronze, the coppered objects are passed through a solution formed of four parts of sal ammoniac, one part of oxalic acid, one part of acetic acid, and forty parts of water, and allowed to remain in contact with this mixture until the shade wanted is obtained.

Miscellaneous.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Land and Water* gives an amusing instance of an encounter with a python in China. According to this writer, the python is not near so dangerous or formidable a snake as some accounts would have us believe. "While shooting snipe," says the writer, "in some paddy-fields in the upper portion of Shangmoon valley, within forty miles of Hong-Kong, my companion (then one of the consuls) and self were attracted to an aged Chinese woman by her violent gesticulations. On reaching her, we found that the cause of her eccentric movements was her efforts to force a python to relinquish a domestic fowl it had just seized. The old lady, without evincing the least particle of fear, laid on the depredator most lustily with a branch she had picked up on the emergency; still the snake could not, or would not, relinquish his prey, and, in spite of all our endeavors—for we went to the rescue—it gained the friendly shelter of a thick and tangled hedge of aloes. Of course we could easily have killed the marauder, but my friend was desirous of obtaining him uninjured, so the application of a charge of small-shot was dispensed with, which resulted in our ultimate loss of the specimen. A most amusing incident took place, however, as the last few feet of the snake were disappearing, for my friend, in a state of recklessness, threw down his gun and laid hold of its tail, when a regular 'pull devil, pull baker' scene ensued, which must have continued several minutes. D— was stout and strong, all his energy was devoted to his undertaking, manfully he held on, the perspiration flowed abundantly, and his *amour propre* doubtless was touched by the thought of being beaten; still all was of no avail, his grip slipped, and, as frequently happens under similar circumstances, he landed on that portion destined by Nature to sit upon. The adversary took advantage of the mishap, and all our exertions were futile to find him afterward. Now this python could not have been under eighteen feet in length, and as large at the thickest part of the body as an ordinary person's thigh.

One day, behind the Murray Barracks in Hong-Kong, I heard a disturbance among the commissariat coolies who were passing with provisions. On proceeding to learn the cause, I found them belaboring a large python with their bamboo-poles; the struggle was but short before the reptile succumbed. On measurement, it was just under eighteen feet. In the spring of the year, in my shooting excursions on the island of Hong-Kong and on the main-land, I frequently found skins of the python, many of which were very long, although, in every instance, imperfect; and I am inclined to believe, from their width, this reptile there grows to a much greater length than either of those I have mentioned. That man has nothing to dread from them in China, I am certain, or even animals of the magnitude of a dog; for I have seen a favorite old setter I had at that period owned, lay hold of a python, while the reptile's sole efforts appeared to be directed at escape."

A geometriean, in connection with the topographical service of Algeria, while crossing over the Kef el Akhelar, discovered, on the very top, a very extensive series of ruins, called by the Arabs "El Menza," situated at an altitude of four thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and covering a space of several miles square. The splendid panorama, displayed from this height, embraces a circumference of twenty-five leagues, and is one of the finest specimens of rugged scenery that the eyes of man could rest upon. The only place where an entrance into the ruins could be effected was by an opening in the broken wall; once inside, a strange sight presented itself: the walls and houses, built with small, hewn stones, were in many places covered with earth, brushwood, and even ordinary-sized trees. At the base of the wall were found large quantities of broken potteries and brilliant-colored porcelain. The southern end of the first enclosure represents the extremity of a bastion, partly hewn out of the solid rock, over which a hewn staircase led, the steps of which are in a state of perfect preservation. The remains of a construction of peculiar form, measuring from east to west one hundred and fourteen yards, is the most striking object of interest inside the wall, and appears, from its central situation, to have once been the governor's palace or the judgment-hall. The remains of a cistern are also visible, destined to receive water and snow for the supply of the city, occupying the space of two thousand four hundred yards square. A petition has been sent to the government for leave to make a regular series of excavations throughout the entire site, which will doubtless be complied with, and which will certainly throw much light upon the ancient condition and history of its original inhabitants. The only supposition we can make regarding this city, whose existence is involved in so much obscurity, is, that it may have been an outlying Carthaginian post, founded by the early settlers from Phœnicia, a supposition in itself sufficiently warranted by the primitive nature of the constructions yet visible.

A report of the results obtained by the use of M. Gilbert's system of perspective measuring was lately read by M. Lemaire before the members of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge. Hitherto the study of drawing has been divided into three periods: the third class, which lasts about a year, includes the pupils who copy the details of heads, engravings, or ornaments; the pupils in the second class draw full reliefs; while the first class is composed of those whose studies are taken from living models. Pupils, after leaving the schools of design, go to the school of fine arts to complete their studies, which are rarely terminated before the age of twenty-four or twenty-five. The method of M. Gilbert is based upon the use of a directing-frame placed before the model, and of a proportional pasteboard frame, under which the paper is placed. The pupil, standing about a yard and a half from his model, with his perspective measurer in his hand, his arm being extended without effort, obtains exact marks over the whole surface of his design by the aid of the divisions traced upon the frames which he uses. He is thus enabled to fix the outlines and principal details of his subject, and gradually becomes accustomed to work with precision and exactness. The result of these arrangements has been to suppress the third class in schools of design, which required one year's attendance of pupils in the prosecution of the usual studies. By the new system, the pupils will at once begin drawing full reliefs, and thus economize one year of the complete course, a most important advantage thus being secured to parents of the working-classes whose children can only attend schools of design during a limited period.

The juice, or liquor, that drops from the deep incisions made by the Algerian Arabs in the palm-tree during the spring, forms a peculiar beverage, producing different results at short intervals. When newly drawn, it is of a grayish hue, rather thick, but both sweet and pleasant to the taste. In a few hours afterward, it becomes clarified, and ferments strongly; innumerable air-bells form on the surface a slight foam. When tasted at this stage, it reminds one of the best sparkling wines of Champagne, and enlivens without intoxicating. After a further interval of half a day, this drink becomes as white and thick as milk, emits a penetrating odor, acquires a slight acid taste, and intoxicates

like brandy; the liquor, resembling the finest sparkling champagne, is thus changed into a beverage, white and foaming, of remarkable alcoholic strength. It is at this point that its merits are best discussed by amateurs. Many a good Mussulman, who would veil his face before a glass of wine, drinks publicly, and without scruple, his cup of palm-tree liquor. Being the most ephemeral drink known, it must be consumed under the shadow of the tree that produces it, no means having yet been discovered for preserving it.

The Bishops of Newark, New Jersey, and Cuzco, Peru, arrived not long since at the Eternal City, where they found already assembled a large number of their foreign brethren. Those prelates are not in receipt of such princely incomes as the episcopal hierarchs in France, and the exchequer of the major part of them would not be adequate to defray the expenses incurred by so long a pilgrimage as many of them have to make. The pope has, however, munificently placed his table and spare beds at their disposal; and preparations have been made in numberless palaces, monasteries, and convents, the whole for an old song, set, not "to the tune of thousands," as a noble poet has it, but to the tune of a cool million. As to the expense of the table, so large is the number of prelates invited, that it will not be less than fourteen hundred dollars per diem, or forty-two thousand dollars per month.

Late news from the Alps informs us that among the climbers this season are several women, who have been far from justifying the term of the "weaker sex." Two ladies attempted to ascend the Aiguille Verte, one of the highest and most difficult of the peaks rising from the upper basin of the Mor de Glace. They got within three hours of the top, and were then obliged to descend for want of daylight. The guides, it is said, were perfectly astonished at their remarkable pedestrian attainments. The ascent of this mountain is asserted to be more difficult than that of Mont Blanc. Two other ladies ascended Mont Blanc, while a Mrs. Walker amazed the guides of Engadine with her ascending ability. All these mountaineering ladies are described as little in stature and light in weight.

Sydney Dobell, it appears, prides himself upon his horsemanship. Having recently been thrown and badly hurt, he sends to the *Athenæum* an explanatory note. "A king of France," says the *Athenæum*, "is not half a king of France if he cannot ride. A poet, however, may be a poet without being a horseman. But, when he is both, there is an equestrian pride about him which an old Roman might have approved, and a modern Briton would not censure." And here follows the note: "As you have done me the honor to mention my late accident, perhaps you will excuse the vanity of one who has been accustomed from childhood to the saddle, if I offer an explanatory remark. The injuries from which I am now recovering were not due to my fall, but to the weight of the mare upon me. She had been vainly endeavoring to give me a fall, and threw herself over because she could not succeed. We did not part company till close to the ground. I am, etc., SYDNEY DOBELL."

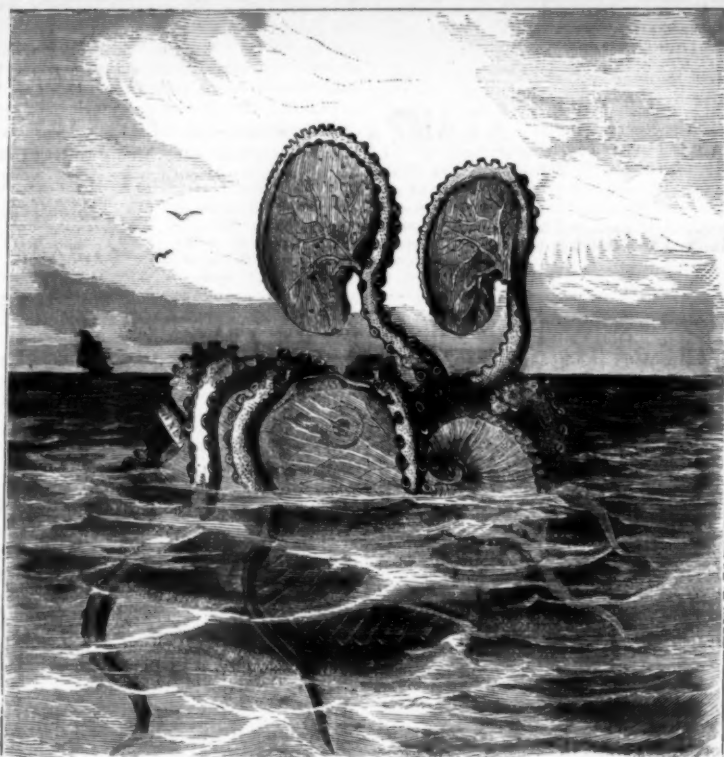
"I see," says a Paris correspondent, "that several people have perished in London from having been bitten by a mad dog. A few months ago I sent you a report from a French medico who, first of all, cured himself with a vapor-bath, and has since cured several patients. In his own case, he was engaged in dissecting a person who had died of rabies, when he accidentally gashed his finger; he immediately took the usual precautions; but, in a few days, unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia set in, and medico determined on suicide. Curiously enough, the idea occurred to him of suffocating himself in a Turkish bath; the attempt at *felo de se* failed, but the rabies was eradicated, and medico came forth a cleaner, a better, and a wiser man."

The Museum.

A BALL, one foot in diameter, just conceals the moon's face when held before it at a distance of one hundred and twenty feet from the eye. Consequently, a ball, one mile in diameter, would do the same thing at one hundred and twenty miles; a ball of one thousand miles at one hundred and twenty thousand miles; and a ball two thousand miles across, at one hundred and twenty times two thousand, or two hundred and forty thousand miles. But this is about the moon's distance, consequently, the moon's breadth must be about two thousand miles.

The Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus, which forms the subject of the accompanying illustration, has, for centuries, been the prolific source of poetic fables, and the most distinguished of ancient naturalists have sanctioned by their elaborate descriptions the mistaken idea that the Nautilus, rising to the surface of the water, spread its sails and, like a fairy-ship, glided lightly before the passing zephyr. It seems a

shame to cast a doubt upon such a charming theory, but the discoveries of modern naturalists have torn away the veil of fancy and developed the facts as they exist. The Argonaut is a cephalopod, and its curious habits and powers are fully as wonderful as those described to it erroneously. Its body is ovoid in form, and is furnished with eight tentacles, covered with a double row of suckers. Of these tentacles six are narrow and slender, tapering to a point toward the extremity, while two of them expand toward the extremity in the form of wings or sails. The body itself is contained in a thin, white, and fragile univalve shell, which is oval, flattened on the exterior, but rolled up in a large spiral in the interior, the last turn of the shell being so large as to give it something the form of an



The Argonaut.

elegantly-shaped shallop. Singularly enough the body of the animal does not penetrate to the bottom of the shell, nor is it attached to it by any muscular ligament. Respiration is effected by the passage of water over the double row of gills or suckers which, after effecting its purpose, is ejected through a long tube, called the siphon. The orifice of the siphon is directed toward the head of the animal, and it is by means of this simple apparatus that the act of progression is accomplished. When the creature desires to dart rapidly through the water, it gathers its six arms into a straight line, so as to afford the slightest possible resistance to the water, keeps its velated arms stretched tightly over the shell, and then, by violently ejecting water from the siphon, drives itself in an opposite direction.

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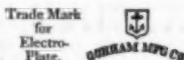
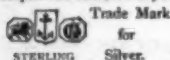
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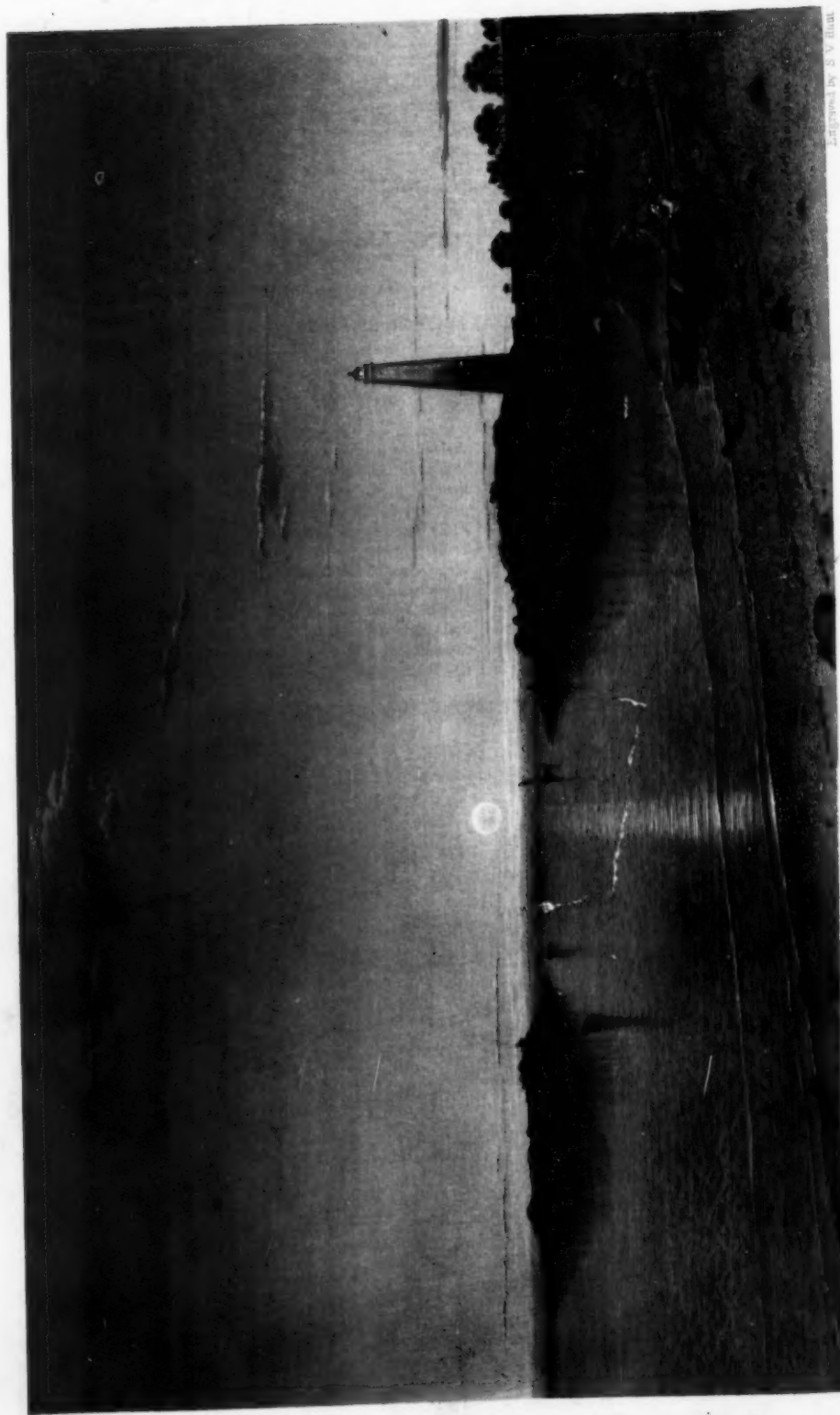
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